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LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN, CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND: MEMORIES AND LETTERS.

"WHAT mysteries life and Providence are!" This exclamation occurs in a letter of Lord Russell's which will be given in full later on. Among the mysteries of life are the various circumstances that accompany the ending of it. We couple life and light together, and it is said that the hour in which the light of life most frequently fades out is one of those early morning hours which still belong to the night, when the heat of the sun of yesterday has completely died away and the sun of the new day has not yet risen. It was at such an hour, 3 A.M., in the morning of August 10, 1900, that Charles Russell, after a brief illness, ended his strenuous, useful, and distinguished life.

A full record of his career will be prepared with due care and as speedily as possible by a competent writer unconnected with Lord Russell's family, but possessed of their confidence—Mr. Richard Barry O'Brien, a member of the English Bar, whose *Life of Parnell* has been accepted as having done justice to a difficult subject. Mr. Justice Mathew also is preparing his appreciation of his friend the Chief Justice for *The Dictionary of National Biography*, and Mr. Augustus Birrell, Q.C., the accomplished author of *Obiter Dicta*, has undertaken a similar task for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Meanwhile it may not be amiss to put on paper, and even into print, some personal items which may or may not be incorporated hereafter in Mr. O'Brien's more formal narrative. For these unconventional reminiscences I crave hospi-

tality from a magazine published in that great country for which Lord Russell had a profound and almost affectionate admiration. I recollect hearing him say that, if he had to begin life over again, he would be inclined to make the United States the sphere of his labors. But that was at an early stage of his career, and he certainly found enough to do in the Old World. The pages, also, in which I hope these notes will appear have the advantage of not being addressed to the general public, but to a very special class of readers who will feel an almost personal interest in the first Irish Catholic Chief Justice of England, and from whom this sketch may obtain many a prayer for his soul.

In many families there are certain favorite Christian names which insist on being represented in every successive generation. "Charles Russell" seems to be at present such a combination; yet in the family of which there is now question it hardly dates further than the grandfather of Lord Russell of Killowen. It is not found in the long pedigree which lies before me of the closely allied family which by intermarriage with the St. Gerys, the De Flamarens, and other families in France, is more French than Irish, and of which the present head is Count Henry Russell-Killough. The late Chief Justice was not the first to make the name "Charles Russell" noteworthy. That name was given to him for the sake of his uncle, Charles William Russell, who will be remembered by many readers of the REVIEW as Dr. Russell of Maynooth. In the great ecclesiastical college of Maynooth he spent fifty-four years out of sixty-eight years of his life, as student, as Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and finally as President from 1858 to 1880. He was a man of great literary culture, an Edinburgh Reviewer, besides being for many years the chief support of *The Dublin Review*—a singularly holy, learned and accomplished man, who is seldom referred to without some allusion to that passage of the *Apologia* in which Cardinal Newman singles him out as having had the greatest share in his conversion to the Catholic Faith. "He was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone." This close connection with Leo's first English Cardinal gave some plausibility to the report current in Rome at the time of Dr. Russell's death, that the Sovereign Pontiff had intended to raise the President of May-

nooth also to the Cardinalate. It appears a less improbable appointment on the part of an eminently literary Pope like Leo XIII when we remember that Dr. Russell's biography of that amazing linguist, Joseph Mezzofanti (a work of extraordinary research), has been adopted by the Italians themselves as the final and classical Life of the polyglot Cardinal.

It was from this Charles Russell that the future Chief Justice of England took, as we have said, the name which he was to make so widely known. His title in the peerage he took from the country place in which his boyhood was spent amid the healthiest surroundings—Killowen, a narrow strip of land four or five fields deep, running for three miles along the northern shore of Carlingford Bay from the end of Rostrevor Wood to the Causeway Water, beyond which lies Mourne. Some of the four or five fields which lie between the sea and the Killowen mountains climb to a considerable height up the slopes of the latter. Mr. Arthur Russell, then in broken health, had taken a small farm of twelve acres to give himself some outdoor occupation; and here his sturdy eldest boy had full scope for his spirited and active tastes; for Mr. Augustine Birrell was quite right in his surmise, which occurs in an article that he wrote on the death of the Chief Justice: "Charles Russell, I suspect, was always a very strenuous person."[1] His fondness for riding and his general "horsiness" were acquired early and kept up to the end. The morning of the day on which the Chief Justice set out for his last circuit, little thinking that it was to be his last, he had, as usual, his ride over before his early breakfast.

Two slight incidents may be noticed as showing the continuity between the beginning and the ending of Lord Russell's life. The newspapers, that know everything, have told us that during his last circuit, which we have just referred to, one Sunday found the Chief Justice in a part of Wales where Catholics were very few. In the little Catholic chapel there was some difficulty about getting a Mass-server. A strange gentleman came forward to

[1] What Sir William Harcourt said of Gladstone might be said of Gladstone's last Attorney-General in all the stages of his career: "Whatever he believed he intensely believed; whatever he wished he greatly wished; whatever he wrought he strenuously wrought."

offer his services. When it became known afterwards who the acolyte was there was a mild sensation in the place. He had learned to serve Mass nearly sixty years before in the plain old chapel of Killowen, which a pretty Gothic church has since replaced. By the way, it was in the older chapel that, some twelve years after the time we are speaking of, the famous Yelverton marriage took place.

Another curious little link between the beginning and the end of the full life is furnished by a paragraph that went the rounds of the press a year ago. Bertrand Russell, the youngest son of the Lord Chief Justice, a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, was starting for the seat of war in South Africa. His father saw him off from Southampton. When the ship was weighing anchor, the young officer tried to get a last look at his father,—last, indeed, in a pathetic sense that neither of them guessed at—but he could not distinguish him amongst the crowd on the wharf. To attract his notice and to show where he and another of his sons were standing, Lord Russell placed the index fingers of both hands between his lips and gave a shrill whistle which Bertrand recognized at once and turned his eyes in the right direction. Now, it happens that this very mode of signalling had been adopted under peculiar circumstances by Charles Russell some fifty-seven years before. He and his young brother and a little peasant lad had (like the disciples of our Divine Redeemer on an occasion mentioned in the Gospel) plucked handfuls of ears of wheat in a field that they passed through. With this provision they made their way out to a large fishing boat which was anchored far out from land when the tide was at the full, but which the ebbing tide had then left accessible to adventurous little feet. Lying comfortably at the bottom of the big clumsy boat, shelling the wheat and telling stories, the wee lads forgot themselves till the returning tide had surrounded the boat. They were safe enough in their rocking prison, which was, however, separated from the shore by a rough expanse of water increasing at every moment. The eldest of the party was already an expert at that peculiar kind of whistling which he was to use long afterwards on Southampton wharf; but at Killowen he was less successful in attracting attention, and it was dark night before a boat

came out to our rescue. For the present writer was one of the three castaways, and the remaining one was a small fair-haired boy, the son of very ordinary parents, who nevertheless grew up to be Murphy the Irish giant, some inches over eight feet in height, exhibited over the whole world except Ireland—for he refused to make a show of himself amongst his own people. He died of smallpox at Marseilles about his thirtieth year, and his remains were brought home to be buried in the old Kilbroney graveyard near Rostrevor. It may be considered pertinent to the object of these notes to add that the responsible head of the party, instead of being welcomed with kisses after his rescue, got a mild flogging the next day—the only one recorded in the domestic annals, and surely inflicted for no very grievous transgression.

Besides laying in stores of health in the pure breezes of that beautiful country-place, young Russell received there his first elementary education from a governess, Miss Margaret O'Connor, who was a cherished and respected member of the family for many years. Her civilizing, æsthetic influence over her little kingdom has sometimes seemed to me to be symbolized by the change that she suggested in the name of a fine collie that one of the farmers gave us. He had been called Toss, but at Seafield he became Tasso. The two boys and their three elder sisters (who all three in the end became Sisters of Mercy) were trained carefully by this excellent and accomplished lady, whose authority was loyally supported by their parents, as the following incident will help to show. Mrs. Russell used once or twice a year to pay a visit to Dublin, which to the children, especially in those last of the pre-railway days, seemed as far away as Chicago does now. To increase the warmth of her welcome, the wise mother took care never to return empty-handed, but to bring a gift for each of her young people. During one of these absences Charles got into trouble. Probably it was on the same occassion that the cook threatened for some misdemeanor to denounce him to Miss O'Connor; and the young culprit said audaciously, "I'll chalk every step of the way for you,"—which he did accordingly, making a line of chalk-marks from the kitchen to Miss O'Connor's room upstairs. I revere and bless her memory for discharging a

painful duty, not giving in weakly at the end and hushing it all up in the joy of the mother's home-coming; and I revere and bless the memory of the good mother who did not make light of the offence or seize on some excuse for receiving the criminal back at once into favor. No, the other gifts were distributed—one of them was "Uncle Buncle's True and Instructive Stories About Animals, Insects, and Plants,"—but the gift intended for the young evil-doer, whose transgression was not very wicked, was not merely withheld for a time but never bestowed upon him. The credit of his subsequent career was, perhaps, partly attributable to the firmness and wisdom of his early discipline, of which this is a sample.

When Charles Russell was twelve years old, his mother took him and all the others to Belfast for purposes of education. He attended a day-school kept by two brothers, Louis Harkin, afterwards an Inspector of Schools under the National Board of Ireland, and Alexander Harkin, afterwards a respected physician in Belfast, where he died a few years ago. It was at this time that Mr. Arthur Russell wrote prophetically to his wife: "Tell Charles I see a great improvement in his last note. I hope he will continue to improve. I am particularly pleased to find he has been so successful in his classes. All he wants is application, for I think he has the abilities: so the fault must be his own if he don't be clever."

This letter is dated January 12, 1845, two months after Charles Russell's twelfth birthday. On the 28th of the following May his father died, and Charles was recalled from Belfast, where he had been placed as a boarder in St Malachy's College, then known by the curious name of "Vicinage." After attending for a year or two a Newry day-school kept by Mr. William Nolan, he was placed at St. Vincent's College, Castleknock, near Dublin, where, for reasons that are unknown to me, his sojourn was cut short after a year, and he was at the earliest possible age articled to a firm of solicitors in Newry, Messrs. Hamill and Denvir.

These years before manhood would more naturally for a lad of such promise have been devoted to a university course; but there was no university sanctioned by the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland, and Margaret Russell was a woman who would make

any sacrifice rather than trench ever so slightly on Catholic principle. Her son regretted this privation; but, if he had understood all the circumstances, he would have energetically upheld the view put forward at this very time in *The Dublin Review* by a writer whom I am able to identify as another Newryman, John O'Hagan, then a youthful barrister of twenty-five years of age, afterwards Mr. Justice O'Hagan, the first judicial head of the Irish Land Commission. In *The Dublin Review* which is dated September, 1847,[2] this gifted man proved with overwhelming evidence the utter unsuitableness of Trinity College as a place for the higher education of Catholic youth. *Experto crede Roberto:* he had just completed a very distinguished course in T.C.D., and so generous and high-spirited a man could only have been compelled by stern truth and duty to speak harshly of his Alma Mater.

Charles Russell, during the two or three years that he was a solicitor in Belfast, tried to make up for this deficiency by becoming an extern (a very external) student of Trinity, living as he did some eighty miles distant. To this period belongs one of the many apocryphal stories with which the newspapers have swarmed since Lord Russell's death. A writer in *Black and White*, who claimed for himself the title of "A Friend of the Family," showed, however, a rather unfriendly spirit and a good deal of ignorance, as in the following anecdote:

> "He did not gain any distinction during his career at the University. The result of his examinations was fair, but by no means brilliant. An incident concerning this period of life is interesting in the light of after-events. One of the questions in the Moral Philosophy paper (set by Bain, I think) was, 'Give the different theories of right and wrong, and state your own opinion.' Russell gave a number of theories and stated his own opinion in a short note. 'I am an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. Whatever the Church teaches on the subject I hold to be right, whatever she condemns I hold to be wrong.' An honest answer, given without fear or favor, which earned him a congratulation in the *viva voce* examination."

I showed this passage to the Fellow whom Charles Russell had chosen as his tutor, partly, no doubt, because he too was a Newryman, and partly because he was known to be the author

[2] This and other interesting documents on the subject have been reprinted in a penny book published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland under the title 'Trinity College no Place for Catholics."

of "Who fears to speak of '98?" Dr. J. K. Ingram was kind enough to give this full answer to my enquiries:

"38 UPPER MOUNT STREET, DUBLIN.

"October 8, 1900.

"Dear Sir:—Your late distinguished brother was my pupil in Trinity College for two years. During those years he passed—besides his Matriculation—four Examinations. He followed exactly the same course as all our other non-resident students, and his connection with the University was in every respect the same as theirs and not at all nominal. His object in becoming a student of Trinity College was, by keeping two years and presenting at the Inns of Court a certificate of having kept them, to shorten the period of transition from his former profession of solicitor to that of barrister. We have a good many students who are prevented by other occupations from reading for honors, and consequently do not distinguish themselves in their course, but answer well at the ordinary examinations and pass them creditably. Lord Russell was one of these. He always made a respectable appearance at his examinations and never had any difficulty in obtaining credit for them.

"The writer in *Black and White* is one of those persons, now so numerous, who make unfounded statements in the public press, which they have never taken the trouble of verifying. Bain never examined any one in Trinity College, and your brother was never examined in Moral Philosophy, which became a subject of study only in the *fourth* year.

"I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"JOHN K. INGRAM."

"*Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.*"

The title of this paper promised letters as well as memories. Lord Russell's biographer will not be embarrassed by the enormous mass of his correspondence, as Mr. Morley must have been in preparing the "Life of Gladstone," to which the world is looking forward so eagerly. Charles Russell preferred to correspond by telegram; and his letters were very terse and businesslike. Consulting Judge O'Hagan, before his great speech at the Parnell Commission (which now forms an octavo volume of 600 pages) he mentioned his wishes thus briefly:

"10 NEW COURT, LINCOLN'S INN.

"7th February, '89.

"My dear Judge:—Sir C. G. Duffy mentions a kind reference by you to me in a letter to him *re* Commission. I should be greatly obliged by your views of the line to take—of course in confidence—and *in extenso*, and particularly I should be glad of *figures* to prove that things were worse, as to crime, in former years.

"My dear Judge, always truly,

"C. RUSSELL.

"P.S.—A little rhetoric will be acceptable!"

When the Irish Judge had promptly complied with his friend's request, he again confined his acknowledgment to a page.

"10 NEW COURT, LINCOLN'S INN.

"12th February, '89.

"My dear Judge:—Your letter traces the very lines I intended to follow; and, although I anticipated the possible danger you suggest, I do not dread it. I await with interest the fuller development, with precise figures, of your plan of argument. I do not recall the reference to Burke. I found Cornwall Lewis's 'Causes of Irish Disturbance' very useful to the date it reaches.

"Always truly,

"C. RUSSELL."

About the momentous investigation to which these letters refer nothing will be set down here beyond what is contained in two very private letters. The first indeed is so very private that I do not know myself who the writer was; I forget how it came into my hands. A lady, writing to a friend in the country, describes her visit to the Court presided over by the Right Hon. Sir James Hannen, Sir J. C. Day, and Sir A. L. Smith.

"What will you say when I tell you I was at the Special Commission on Wednesday and Friday last? I heard Sir Charles Russell wind up his magnificent Speech and shall never forget the scene and the sensations of that last day. I need not tell you what was said—of course, the world knows that now—but the way in which it was said, the manner and the effect were beyond description. At that

passage—'When I opened this case, my Lords, I said I represented the accused,'—he began in an ordinary conventional tone; but I shall never forget the voice of thunder in which he continued,—'*We* are the accusers, and the accused are *there!*' He stood erect, and with one outstretched arm pointed to where the Attorney-General and *The Times* solicitors were sitting. I assure you my blood ran cold, and a thrill went through the whole court. Again, when he said,—'I speak for the land of my birth,'—his voice quite failed, and I saw him put his hand to his eyes and wipe away the tears. I can speak with the greatest certainty because I was facing him, at about five yards' distance. You can judge what a good place I had when I tell you that the bench I sat on just held six (a tight fit) and Mrs. Gladstone and her daughter were two. There was a Lady Pollock, and a lady who sat beside her (with whom I had a lot of conversation), and whom Mrs. Gladstone kissed when she came in. Your humble servant came next, and then two other ladies, friends of the whole party, but I did not catch their names, except that one was called Lady Camilla, but I did not hear her surname: so you will admit I was well placed. I shall never forgive myself for not having shaken hands with and congratulated Mr. Parnell. These five ladies did so, but evidently they knew him, and both he and Davitt seemed on quite familiar terms with Mrs. Gladstone. But I think on such an occasion even a stranger would be justified in doing so. The truth was I got shy and lost courage. I had the satisfaction of smiling at him, and he returned it in his most gracious manner. He must have thought I belonged to the Upper Ten, seeing me in such company; but he was sadly mistaken, and it was the veriest chance my getting such a place—simply because the gallery was full, and there was no other place available; so I was requested to go there, and I consented in the most condescending and benignant manner. Fancy! when the Speech was concluded, Mr. Reid stood up to ask for an adjournment and was quite unable to speak. The Judge asked him to repeat his request, and he attempted and failed a second time; so the Attorney-General (I thought very good-naturedly) stood up and said,—'He is applying for an adjournment, my Lords,'—but poor Mr. Reid had a lump in his throat that he could not remove; and I was not surprised. It was a thrilling moment. I shall remember it to the end of my life, and I feel so thankful that I had the extraordinary luck of being present. I have a chance of a ticket for the 30th, when Mr. Parnell will be in the witness-box. I devoutly hope I

may get in; but, even if I do not, I have done very well, as I have been present four days. I hope you are as much interested in all this as we are; if not, I shall have written in vain. But even *The Standard* admitted that the speech deserved to be classed with the finest forensic efforts of the century, and praise from an enemy like that deserves to be noted. I feel so proud, too, that he is a Catholic and an Irishman."

Very much more private is the next extract that with serious misgiving I venture to insert in this little mosaic of contemporary documents illustrating some particulars of the career of Lord Russell of Killowen. I hope it will never come under the notice of the writer, from whom it would be impossible to obtain leave to make this use of her hurried and confidential letter; yet surely it throws an interesting light on one of the most important events in Charles Russell's life. I will give it just as I chanced to copy it at the time without any permission. I will not even change one or two tell-tale expressions which reveal the writer too plainly:

"I have just returned from the Court after hearing the end of 'the Speech,' and my heart is so full I can hardly speak or write; but I should like to tell you something about it if I could. I feel that I can never thank God enough that I have lived to see this day. My Darling has had a fearful task to accomplish, and he has done it well and nobly. *No one but himself could have done it*, and I believe he has raised the Irish cause to a position which it never before held in the eyes of the people of England. I could not describe to you the scene in court this morning. Every nook and corner was packed with people, and every one listened in breathless silence. It was known that he would wind up this morning, so that there was more than usual interest displayed, though all along it has been very great. I shall not describe the Speech itself to you. You will read it. But I wish you could have seen him as he spoke—how noble, how handsome he looked. He did indeed seem as if inspired. God bless him! It is not given to many wives to feel as I felt this morning. When he sat down and the court was adjourned, every one crowded round us to congratulate. Dear old Mrs. Gladstone caught my hand in both of hers and said: 'It was inspiration; I believe it has all been done by prayers'—just as a Catholic might say it. The dear old lady has been

in court every day during the Speech and remained the entire day. I believe the Judges are very much impressed. Sir James Hannen sent him down a note from the bench, saying, 'a great speech, worthy of a great occasion.'

"Dearest mother, I will write to you again in a day or so about other things when I cool down a little; but for the last fortnight I have been in a state of fever over this, and ordinary matters seem commonplace. I shall be all right again soon. Thank God it is over."

"The Speech before the Special Commission [said *The Standard*] in defence of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, delivered by Sir Charles Russell, deserves to rank among some of the most famous of English forensic efforts. It was distinguished by undoubted eloquence, by its masterly handling of a vast mass of material, by the remarkable self-control of the speaker, and by the importance of the subject with which it deals and of the events which called it forth."

Yet the orator himself could speak of it in this simple and humble way:

"My dear Matthew:—I have asked the printer to send a proof to your care with a view of getting the benefit of a fresh and critical eye. Alter as you please, so long as the sense is not varied, and attend, please, to the punctuation, which was very bad originally. I hope you will be able to return the proof to me very quickly, for I am urged not to delay. I want your judgment of the whole busines, *i.e.*, performance. Aff'ly, "C. R."

I will add here a few short letters which have no importance except in showing that, while with all his earnestness in fighting the battle of life, and with all his stern strength of character, this good man maintained a simple and affectionate nature and a deeply religious spirit. "Dear Father! [wrote one of his children] how proud we all are of him! Isn't it marvellous how unspoilt he is by all his success, and how humble about all his attainments?" As I am putting these notes together during the last Christmas-tide of the nineteenth century, I will begin with a Christmas letter.

"Tadworth Court, Tadworth Near Epsom.

"Christmas Eve, 1889.

"My dear Matthew:—A line of Christmas greeting. We all send love and best wishes for the coming year and we ask your prayers and blessing.

"The weather is awful—wind and rain—and most un-Christmas-like. Ellen is just this moment wishing you could be here to say Mass for us to-morrow. We are all, thank God, well and hearty. I feel as if I wanted a little rest. I am beginning to recognize the fact that I am not as young as I was.

"My dear Matthew, Your affectionate brother,

"C. RUSSELL."

In the signature to the following the parenthetical "still unpatented" means that he had not yet received the patent of nobility which was to make him "Russell of Killowen."

"TADWORTH COURT, TADWORTH NEAR EPSOM.

"10th May, 1894.

"My dear Matthew:—Your letter is, as you have always been to me, kind, generous, indulgent.

"The determining point in my acceptance of my new position was this, that a time must soon come when I could not continue working, as I have done for years, at high pressure; and I felt that, if ever I were to undertake a judicial post, I ought to bring to it such capacity and energy as God has given me, unimpaired. I need not say I have some keen regrets.

"Mrs. Mulholland is better, but at her age it is too much to expect restoration to vigorous health. All the rest well, from the Head of the House (who regrets my change from 'Sir Charles') downwards. We are delighted to see Rosa looking so well. They tell me *you* are working too hard.

"My dear Matthew, Your affectionate brother,

"(still unpatented),

"C. RUSSELL."

On note paper which bears the date "Sandringham, Norfolk," in print and "Sunday" in writing—evidently during a visit in obedience to one of the Saturday-to-Monday invitations of the Prince of Wales—he writes as follows:

"I meant to have written to you before. I ought to have said, and of course I meant, 'Royal University.'

"I am indeed very glad you think the affair may be useful generally and to the C. U.

"On Wednesday I was engaged on a very ticklish business in addressing a number of Ulstermen, nearly all anti-Home Rulers and a good many of them Orangemen.

"If any Dublin paper has a good report pray send me a copy. The reports here are very bad, and nearly all of them missed my points, which, however, were intelligible to my audience and were very well received. I was skating on very thin ice."

This is signed with a monogram of the letters R. and K., preceded by the abbreviated adverb "Aff' ly." It refers to his address as President of the Ulster Association at their first anniversary banquet. In the following year the Marquis of Dufferin filled the same position and refers to his predecessor as "the most distinguished Irishman of his generation, the representative of what was in all probability the oldest family in Ulster—a man whose great talents, whose brilliant career at the Bar, whose distinguished service as a statesman in Parliament, and, above all, whose blameless reputation and lofty character had advanced him to the august position of Lord Chief Justice of England."

I trust that those to whom they belong will, out of their love for Lord Russell's memory, forgive me for daring to print two beautiful letters almost too sacred for the eye of a stranger to fall upon. His sister-in-law, so well known in contemporary literature under her maiden name of Rosa Mulholland, was married to Sir John Gilbert, the very eminent man who, himself alone, did more for Irish history and Irish antiquities than many well endowed societies. The following letter was addressed to Lady Gilbert in the first month of her widowhood.

"21st June, 1898.

"My Dear Rosa:—I hesitated to write to you in the first moments of your greater sorrow, but a letter was not needed to assure you how much you were in all our thoughts. After all, words of sympathy and affection avail little at such a time, but by-and-bye, when the sharp edge of your trial is ever so little lessened, you will find comfort in thinking of these, and still more in the recollection of the noble, simple, unselfish life of him whom you have, in this world, lost. I hope Ellen told you (as I wrote to her) how happy we shall be to have you with us when you like and as long as you like—the longer the better. Indeed, it would be a great pleasure to have you permanently with us—leaving you free, however, to go and come as you wished.

"I am glad to see that on all hands Sir John's life and work are appreciated as they deserve. I hope none of his unfinished work will be allowed to perish altogether. What mysteries life and Providence are! How very sad, in our dull comprehension at least, to think of the stores of learning (owned by few if any) which are buried in his grave!

"I feel, my dear Rosa, that this letter will do little to serve its purpose; but I know you will find, in the end, peace and comfort in that quarter where the prayers of the heavy-burdened, humbly offered, are always heard.

"My dear Rosa, always affectionately,

"RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN."

Still more sacred is the letter which the Chief Justice wrote to a beloved daughter who had torn herself away from the world and (far harder sacrifice) from her loving and happy home in order to devote herself exclusively to the service of God in a religious vocation.

"ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

"27th April, 1900.

"My Darling Child:—"God's will be done! You have now taken the first serious step towards final retirement from the life of the world. The thought that it makes for your happiness and that it is the will of God softens the blow to your mother and to me—for blow it, beyond question, is to us,—blow it is also, I know, to Lily (who has borne herself like the brave girl she is) and to Margaret also.

"We hoped, selfishly in part, no doubt, but not wholly selfishly, to have your sunshiny nature always with or near us in the world—a world in which we thought and think good bright souls have a great and useful work to do. Well, if it cannot be so, we bow our heads in resignation. We know you will do your duty, as it comes to you to do, well and thoroughly and unselfishly; and we have no fear that you will forget us. After all, it is something for us, poor dusty creatures of the world, with our small selfish concerns and little ambitions, to have a stout young heart steadily praying for us. I know we can depend on this; I know also you will not forget your promise to me, should serious misgivings cross your mind *before* the last word is spoken. I rely on this. God keep and guard you, my darling child, is the prayer of your father,

"RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN."

There is a certain significance in the fact that the priest who had helped the young nun to obey God's call was the one that her fond father summoned to his own aid when leaving the world in another sense—Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., whose place, however, was taken by Father George Tyrrell, S.J. The priest of the Oratory, Father Lionel Basevi, who administered the last rites of the Church, wrote to me:

"Your brother received Extreme Unction and the last blessing with great devotion and simplicity. As I was leaving the room, Lord Russell called me back and asked me to place my hand on his forehead and to bless him. It was most edifying to see his simple and fervent faith."

A year before that happy death I remarked on a certain occasion that my special friends had a knack of dying at 68. One who heard me exclaimed, "Oh! don't say that—Charles is 67." As it turned out, Lord Russell of Killowen wanted a month or two to complete his sixty-eighth year when he died. That date falls just a little short of the term assigned to human life by the Royal Psalmist, three score years and ten. As the British septennial parliament is never allowed to complete its seven years, so it might seem that the very numerous instances I could specify—Edmund Burke, Father Roothaan, S.J., Eugene O'Curry, Bishop David Moriarty, etc.,—reaching that figure 68, come within sight of the Scriptural limit. but do not attain to it. It was thus with Dr. Russell's dearest friend, Mr. Justice O'Hagan; and it was thus with Dr. Charles William Russell of Maynooth, whose name his nephew was to make more famous by bearing it; it was thus with the younger kinsman of whom Dr. Russell was affectionately proud, though he saw him only half way through his great career. These three, who were most closely united in heart and mind, were, in the order in which I have named them, born ten years apart in 1812, 1822, and 1832; and they died in the same order, with exactly the same interval between them—in 1880, 1890, and 1900. Thanks be to God, even as regards devotion to their religion, the two lawyers are worthy of being linked with the holy and venerable priest. All the journalists last August emphasized Charles Russell's love for the old Faith just as much as they em-

phasized his love for the old Country. He was true to his faith and faithful to his country; and, for those who will always tenderly and proudly cherish his memory, hope and confidence mingle with gratitude and love while they murmur the prayer: "May his soul, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

Dublin, Ireland.

HORAE CANONICAE DE PASSIONE.

THE following collection of stanzas may be found to serve a devotional as well as an archæological purpose. The devotional purpose is illustrated by the remark of Lehmkuhl,[1] that in reciting the Divine Office it would be a great help to piety to fix the attention on some theme which should occupy the mind throughout the recitation of the psalms. Among other helps he suggests: "Mentem occupare aliqua consideratione eorum quae in passione Dominica occurrerunt; ita valde antiqua praxis singulas horas canonicas in diversas phases Dominicae passionis distribuit, quod quilibet pro sua devotione poterit facere. Simile quid dic de aliis mysteriis considerandis." This could be accomplished very easily by some such method as the following hymn indicates. Daniel[2] thinks that amongst the votive offices recited in the Middle Ages, very frequent was that of the Passion. Indeed, the large number of manuscripts in which these verses are found distributed through the Little Hours of the Passion leads us to surmise that not only was that office a frequent one but that the method suggested by Lehmkuhl was then recognized as a powerful help to its pious recitation.

The method is an obvious one, of associating the hours with some particular phases of our Lord's Passion:

> Patris sapientia, veritas divina,
> Deus homo captus est hora matutina. . . .

and then for Prime:

[1] *Theol. Mor.*, II, p. 446.
[2] *Thes. Hymnol.*, I, p. 337.

Hora Prima ductus est Jesus ad Pilatum. . . .

and for Terce:

Crucifige, clamitant hora Tertiarum. . . .

and so on through all the hours.

The lines just quoted are taken from one of the best of these hymns, the *Patris sapientia*, which has been often rendered into English verse. Following the more than probable opinion of Mr. Orby Shipley, we are indebted to the splendid power of Dryden for one of these renderings. It appeared in the *Primer* of 1706, and is given in full in the *Annus Sanctus* (p. 227). In the *Primers* of 1684, 1615, 1604, and as far back as the *Sarum Prymer* of 1532, are found English versions of a hymn whose excellence was evidently appreciated. Amongst modern translators are found the names of Chambers, Neale, French, Aylward. It may be asked: Why add to the list? "'Tis his at last who says it best," might be an answer, could we venture to think the following version the best. Although it dare not set up such a pretence, it hopes nevertheless to be more exact, or at least more literal, than the others, in respect either of metre or of thought. Let us instance Dryden's fine rendering:

As night departing brings the day,
True God and Man, truth's rising ray,
To Jews betrayed is captive led;
With night His loved disciples fled,
And left their Master sold to foes,
Distressed with grief and whelmed with woes.

The lines of the original are here changed to six. Prior Aylward's version changes the original trochaic metre to iambic:

'Twas at the solemn Matins'-hour, when by the traitor's sign
The Father's Wisdom, God and Man, the source of truth divine, etc.

Chambers' version, followed in part by Neale, inverts the order of the original first stanza, by placing the third and fourth lines as first and second.

Mone[3] gives another hymn of the same import. It is curious for its multiplication of rhyme. This rhythmic scheme, carried throughout all the stanzas, may be illustrated by the first:

[3] *Latein. Hymnen*, I, p. 110.

Ut homo resurgeret
Mortis a ruina,
Dei natus captus est
Hora matutina:
A suis deseritur
Fuga repentina,
A Judaeis trahitur
Fune latrocina.

In another *Horae de Passione*, two stanzas are allotted to each hour, together with a doxology. The second stanza in each hymn is a colloquy with our Lord, suggested by the phase of the Passion narrated in the first:

Ad Tertiam.

Hora qui ductus tertia
Fuisti ad supplicia,
Christe, ferendo humeris
Crucem pro nobis miseris:

Fac nos sic te diligere
Sanctamque vitam ducere,
Ut mereamur requie
Frui coelestis patriae.

Laus, honor Christo vendito
Et sine causa perdito,
Passo mortem pro populo
In aspero patibulo.

As Lehmkuhl remarks, other considerations of a devotional nature might serve a similar purpose and by a similar method. Mediæval hymnology would here furnish illustrations. There are Canonical hymns, for instance, of the Holy Spirit:

Ad Matutinum.

Nobis sancti Spiritus gratia sit data,
De qua virgo virginum fuit obumbrata,
Cum per sanctum angelum fuit salutata,
Verbum caro factum est, virgo foecundata.

The stanza *Ad Primam* summarizes the life of Christ down to the Ascension; Terce celebrates the descent of the Holy Ghost;

Sext, the preaching of the Apostles to the great crowd in Jerusalem, etc.

In the same manner, the offices of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and of the Blessed Virgin, have their "canonical hours" illustrated by hymns, or rather short stanzas, from which it would doubtless prove tedious to quote further. Neale[4] prints a translation of an interesting hymn of Hildebert's:

> In twice twelve hours the Sun goes through the heaven:
> And sacred to the Lord of all are Seven.
> The first is Prime. In this the Sun was placed
> On high, and Heaven with all his splendour graced;
> In this we praise our King, the world's True Light,
> And pray Him to defend from error's might.
> Adam at Tierce was made; and given the Law, etc.,

the poem comparing the first Adam with the Second: "At Sext man fell, and Christ His sentence bore;" "At Nones by Adam Paradise was lost, Christ on the Cross at Nones gave up the ghost," and so on, each step of the comparison receiving application to the reader in a formal appeal suggested by the preceding comparison.

It remains but to say that Mone supposes the *Patris sapientia* to belong to the fourteenth century; Neale, to the twelfth. It is variously ascribed in the MSS. to Benedict XII, John XXII, and to a certain Bishop Aegidius.

I. Matins.

Patris sapientia,	Wisdom of the Father, Lord
Veritas Divina,	Of eternal power—
Deus homo captus est	Christ, the Man-God, taken was
Hora Matutina.	In the Matin hour:
A suis discipulis	His disciples flee away:
Cito derelictus,	Standeth He forsaken,
Judaeis est traditus	Sold unto His enemies,
Venditus, afflictus.	As a captive taken.

[4] *Med. Hymns and Seq.*, 3d ed., p. 96.

II. Prime.

Hora Prima ductus est
Jesus ad Pilatum,
Falsis testimoniis
Multum accusatum;
In collum percutiunt
Manibus ligatum,
Vultum Dei conspuunt,
Lumen coeli gratum.

Then at Prime was led away
Jesus unto Pilate;
All the witnessing was false,
None could reconcile it:
Unto Him in fetters bound,
Many blows are given;
Spit they on the face of God,
The delight of heaven!

III. Terce.

Crucifige, clamitant
Hora Tertiarum;
Illusus induitur
Veste purpurarum;
Caput ejus pungitur
Corona spinarum;
Crucem portat humeris
Ad locum poenarum.

Hear them at the hour of Terce
"Crucify Him!" saying;
Unto Him in purple clad,
Mock obeisance paying;
Now as on a kingly brow
Crown of thorns He weareth;
Now the Cross to Golgotha
On His shoulders beareth.

IV. Sext.

Hora Sexta Jesus est
Cruci conclavatus
Et est cum latronibus
Pendens deputatus;
Prae tormentis sitiens,
Felle saturatus,
Agnus crimen diluit
Sic ludificatus.

It is Sext: the cruel nails
Hands and feet are rending;
Robbers are His company,
On the Cross ascending!
Unto Him athirst in pain
Wine and myrrh they offer!
Willingly for us He bears
Taunts of every scoffer!

V. None.

Hora Nona Dominus
Jesus expiravit;
Heli clamans animam
Patri commendavit;
Latus ejus lancea
Miles perforavit,
Terra tunc contremuit
Et sol obscuravit.

'T is the hour of None; at last
Jesus loudly crieth
Eli! To the Father's hands
Yields His soul, and dieth.
Soon into His sacred side
Daring lance is driven;
Darkly goeth out the sun,
And the rocks are riven.

VI. Vespers.

De cruce deponitur
Hora Vespertina ;
Fortitudo latuit
In mente divina :
Talem mortem subiit
Vitae medicina ;
Heu ! corona gloriae
Jacuit supina.

From the Cross descendeth He
At the Vesper hour :
In His soul is hidden now
All His kingly power.
Oh ! Life's dearest Medicine
Wasted in His dying !
See, the Crown of all our joy
In the dust is lying !

VII. Compline.

Hora Completorii
Datur sepulturae
Corpus Christe nobile,
Spes vitae futurae ;
Conditur aromate,
Complentur scripturae ;
Jugis sic memoria,
Mors est mihi curae.

Compline cometh : long the tomb
Wearily hath waited
For that Body, with the hope
Of all mortals freighted !
Spice is brought ; the Scripture is
All fulfilled ; forever
Be His death in memory ;
Mine, my soul endeavor !

Oratio.

Has Horas Canonicas
Cum devotione
Tibi, Christe, recolo
Pia ratione
Ut qui pro me passus es
Amoris ardore,
Sis mihi solatium
In mortis agone.

In these hours Canonical
Piously recalling,
Saviour, how Thou borest all
Agony appalling,—
Come to me in gentle peace,
Heaven's peace forestalling,
Dewy solace bringing when
Night of death is falling !

H. T. HENRY.

Overbrook, Pa.

SACRAMENTA MORIBUNDIS COLLATA DIVERSAE RELIGIONIS.

CAJUS sacerdos visitat nosocomium, in quo omnis generis infirmi decumbunt iique diversarum religionum. Aliquos cognovit ut catholicos, aliquos ut protestantes ; longe majorem

partem non potest certo cognoscere, neque certo scire, utrum sint catholici an acatholici, utrum sint rite baptizati, an dubie, an nullatenus baptizati. Quum omnes sint in periculo, quo melius omnibus succurat, hac utitur industria: Eorum, quos certo novit catholicos, confessiones audit, suspensa paullulum absolutione, reliquos singillatim excitat ad necessarios actus fidei, spei, caritatis, contritionis, quatenus tempus permittit, atque dein in communi profert formam absolutionis ea voluntate, ut valeat tum pro catholicis, tum pro quibusvis aliis, quibus potuerit prodesse. Re ita composita, ad majorem securitatem ad eos accedit, atque, exceptis iis qui certo sunt catholici, reliquos omnes conditionate baptizat sub conditione—"si possis valide baptizari," ita tamen ut ipsi ne advertant quidem sacram ceremoniam, quum refrigerationem per aquae infusionem praetendat; qui certo cognoscuntur ut catholici, iis loco baptismi extremam confert unctionem.

Quaeritur: Recte egerit Cajus; vel quomodo agere debebat.

Resp. In agendi ratione Caji debet considerari, quid egerit et quid agere omiserit. Sunt autem actiones plures atque omissiones, de quibus singulis interrogatio vel inquisitio est facienda.

1. Recte egit Cajus relate ad eos, quos certo catholicos esse cognoverat. Eos enim debuit non tantum ad confessionem admittere, sed ad eam etiam fortasse cunctantes excitare; agitur enim tum de procurando medio salutis fortasse necessario, tum de praecepto divino gravi a moribundis implendo. Quod Cajus paullulum distulerit absolutionem, nisi mors alicujus *institerit*, relate ad illos poenitentes res indifferens est. Quatenus illa absolutio alios etiam spectat, infra discutiendum est, utrum recte actum sit, an male.

2. Quod alios, de quorum religione dubium manet, Cajus ad necessarios actus fidei, spei, caritatis, contritionis excitaverit, optime factum est, si modo attendas, debere vim poni tum in exploratione admissarum a poenitente veritatum maxime necessariarum, tum in *perfecta* caritate vel contritione. Nam curari debet, ut tum fides adsit in omnes veritates quae fortasse medii necessitate necessaria scitu sunt, tum *perfecta* caritas, quae etiam ante confessionem et absolutionem reconciliationem cum Deo operetur.

3. Quod dein *in omnes simul* Cajus formam absolutionis pronunciaverit, in necessitate non est in culpam vertendum verum

reprehendendus est Cajus, quod ea omiserit, quae si addidisset, absolutionem reddidisset longe securiorem. Absolvere conatus est post elicitam contritionem, eo quod sumebat, dolorem non attigisse verae contritionis perfectionem, sed mansisse attritionem tantum, ideoque ejus vim fortasse complendam esse per sacramentalem absolutionem. Verum attendere debuit, attritionem non sufficere ad sacramentum per absolutionem efficiendum, nisi accesserit etiam aliqualis confessio seu accusatio et absolutionis recipiendae intentio. Haec etiam in extrema necessitate *aliquo modo* adesse debet. Aderit quidem, si poenitens moribundus se coram sacerdote absolvente declaraverit *peccatorem* atque annuerit, se libenter sacerdotis auxilio usurum esse ad securiorem cum Deo reconciliationem et unionem.

Quapropter censeo omnino, Cajum, si utcunque potuerit, debuisse a singulis praeter actus supra nominatos etiam hanc duplicem declarationem exigere, atque eum tum potuisse absolutionem in omnes dirigere, illo, quo fecit, modo. Valuisset haec absolutio satis probabiliter atque profuisset omnibus baptizatis etiam heterodoxis, si modo bona fide in suo errore haerebant atque veritates saltem maxime necessarias fide divina complectebantur. Si vero duplex illa declaratio defuit, valde improbabile est, acatholicis absolutionem quidquam valuisse, eo quod in solo dolore non comprehendere videantur, ne implicite quidem, peccati accusationem coram sacerdote ut judice neque desiderium recipiendae absolutionis.

4. Utut adfuerit dolor atque etiam peccati accusatio atque desiderium recipiendi a sacerdote salutis auxilio: haec ad absolutionem reddendam efficacem non sufficiunt in eo qui aut nullatenus aut non valide est baptizatus. Quod Cajus perpendens, atque simul perpendens hujusmodi moribundos neque indigere absolutione, indigere autem baptismo, eos conatus est baptizare. Sed quaeritur, num licite et valide.

In qua quaestione distinguendos esse puto protestantes qui in bona fide versantur, et qui baptismum quidem receperunt, sed dubie validum, ab aliis acatholicis non christianis qui baptismum non agnoscunt. In prioribus actus veri doloris videtur in se continere baptismi desiderium pro articulo mortis, si forte ipsorum baptismus antea susceptus validus non fuerit, saltem si protestan-

tes illi habent baptismum pro necessario. Quapropter si ejusmodi homo sensibus destitutus esset, baptizari posset conditionate, quando *positiva signa* adsint et bonae fidei et baptismi prioris fortasse invalidi. Verum etiam ille, si ratione etiamnunc utitur, de re admonendus est, ut formaliter consentiat; aliter etiam tum valor baptismi manet facillime dubius.

Longe difficilior res est in hominibus acatholicis non christianis seu iis, qui baptismum rejiciunt vel eam ignorant. Circa quorum baptismum attendi debet decr. S. Officii d. d. 30 Martii 1898:

"Huic supremae Congregationi S. R. et U. Inqu. delatum fuit enodandum sequens dubium:

"Utrum missionarius conferre possit baptismum in articulo mortis Mahumedano adulto, qui in suis erroribus supponitur in bona fide:

"I. Si habeat adhuc plenam advertentiam, tantum illum adhortando ad dolorem et ad confidentiam, minime loquendo de nostris mysteriis, ex timore, ut ipsis non crediturus sit.

"II. Quamcunque habeat advertentiam, nihil ei dicendo, cum ex una parte supponitur illi non deesse contritionem, ex alia vero prudens non esse loqui cum eo de nostris mysteriis.

"III. Si jam advertentiam amiserit, nihil prorsus ei dicendo.

"In Congregatione Gener. habita ab EE. ac RR. DD. Cardinalibus Inqu. Gen., proposito dicto dubio, praehabitoque RR. DD. Consultorum voto, EEmi ac RRmi Patres respondere mandarunt:

"Ad I et II Negative, *i. e.* non licere hujusmodi Mahumedanis, de quibus in primo et secundo quaesito agitur, sive absolute sive conditionate administrare baptismum; et dentur decreta S. Off. ad Episcopum Quebecensem sub die 25 Jan. et 10 Martii 1703,[1] et Instructio S. Officii sub die 6 Junii 1860 ad Vic. Ap. Tche-Kiang."

[1] Decr. ad Ep. Queb. est hoc: "25 Jan. 1703. Quaeritur utrum antequam adulto conferatur baptisma, minister teneatur ei explicare omnia fidei nostrae mysteria, praesertim si est moribundus, quia hoc perturbaret mentem ejus. Annon sufficeret, si moribundus promitteret, fore, ut ubi a morbo convalescet, instruendum se curet, ut n praxim redigat, quod ei praescriptum fuerit."—*R.* "Non sufficere promissionem, sed missionarium teneri adulto moribundo, qui incapax omnino non sit, explicare mysteria fidei, quae sunt necessaria necessitate medii, ut sunt praecipue mysteria Trinitatis et Incarnationis."

"10 Maji 1703. 1. Quaeritur an missionarius possit conferre baptisma aliaque sacramenta infirmo barbaro cui explicata sunt religionis mysteria, quique pollicitus est observaturum se mandata; missionarius autem certus est, quod non promiserit ea servare nisi hoc motivo tantum, scilicet quod nolit ei contradicere.

"Ad III. De Mahumedanis moribundis et sensibus jam destitutis respondendum ut in decr. S. Officii 18 Sept. 1850 ad Episc. Perthensem, *i. e.*: 'Si antea dederint signa velle baptizari, vel in praesenti statu aut nutu aut alio modo eamdem dispositionem ostenderint, baptizari posse sub conditione, quatenus tamen missionarius, cunctis rerum adjunctis inspectis, ita prudenter judicaverit.' "[2]

5. In casu igitur nostro probabile debuit esse, et homines non esse baptizatos et eos baptismum desiderare vel desiderasse.

Quare si scitur, hominem esse christianum, nescitur utrum sit catholicus an acatholicus neque signum aliquod apparet, quo moribundus petat aliquod sacramentum: existimo baptismum non esse conferendum ne conditionate quidem; esse tamen absolutionem conditionate dandam. Praesumptio enim est, hominem esse baptizatum; baptizatus autem in mortis articulo absolvendus est sub conditione, nisi constet, absolutionem esse inutilem et vanam.

Si nescitur, utrum sit catholicus an acatholicus non baptizatus, puto idem esse dicendum. Nam ut absolutio conditionate detur,

"2. An possit baptizari adultus rudis et stupidus, ut contingit in barbaro, si ei detur sola Dei cognitio et aliquorum ejus attributorum, praesertim justitiae remunerativae et vindictivae juxta hunc Apostoli locum "accedentem ad Deum," etc., ex quo infertur, adultum barbarum in certo casu urgentis necessitatis posse baptizari, quamvis non credat explicite in Jesum Christum.

"3. Utrum missionarius teneatur barbaris adultis baptizatis aut baptizandis omnia praecepta legis positivae divinae intimare, praesertim ea omnia quibus sese submittere difficultatem haberent, ut ejusmodi barbari securitate conscientiae fruantur, licet ea praecepta non observent quae ignorant, eo nitentes juris axiomate *lex non obligat nisi fuerit promulgata.*"

R. "Ad 1. Non licere, si missionarius sit moraliter certus prout in dubio asseritur, barbarum infirmum non sufficienter juxta proprii captus mensuram intellexisse mysteria religionis christianae sibi explicata, aut ea sufficienter non credere, et ex solo motivo non contradicendi promittere, se servaturum mandata ejusdem religionis.

"Si vero missionarius prudenter credat, infirmum barbarum, quando dicit: *Credo et faciam*, revera tum sufficienter credere serioque promittere, se servaturum, ut supra, debere baptizari.

"Si autem de praedictis missionarius dubitet, et tempus non suppetat illum melius instruendi, immineatque periculum mortis, debere itidem baptizari sub conditione.

"Ad 2. Missionarium non posse baptizare non credentem explicite in Dominum Jesum Christum, sed teneri illum instruere de omnibus iis, quae sunt necessaria necessitate medii, juxta captum haptizandi.

"Ad 3. Teneri omnia praecepta legis positivae divinae intimare."

[2] *Cf.* AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, Vol. XIX, p. 175 *seq.*, August, 1898.

eadem est ratio; ut baptismus conferatur, secundum norman decreti S. Officii mox laudati ratio non est, eo quod nullum, ideo neque probabile aliquod signum sit ex quo colligam baptismi desiderium in moribundo. Excipiam casum, in quo ex singularibus circumstantiis ejusmodi desiderium in multis hominibus ejus loci exsistere colligi possit. Sume enim, in terris infidelium cum religio christiana praedicata sit, pagi alicujus incolas vel magnam eorum partem ostendisse voluntatem recipiendi baptismi; antequam autem eorum desiderio fuerit satisfactum, me reperire in silva hominem moribundum, probabiliter ex illo pago, sensibus destitutum: existimo, eum a me baptizari sub conditione posse; debere tamen, si ad se redierit, fieri inquisitionem de ejus intentione et de sufficienti instructione habita, atque repeti sub conditione baptismum, si quodlibet dubium aliquo modo probabile de valore baptismi collati adfuerit.

Ergo Cajus sane levius baptizavit. Non enim agitur de hominibus sensibus destitutis. Quapropter baptizare non potuit, nisi quorum voluntatem exquisierat, eosque si utcunque non certo erant baptizati. Neque si destituti sensibus fuissent, indiscriminatim potuit baptizare, sed solummodo cum distinctione modo data.

AUG. LEHMKUHL, S.J.

Valkenburg in Hollandia.

LUKE DELMEGE:—PART II. ILLUMINATION.[1]

XXV.—ALTRUISM.

DR. WILSON was in his study the following morning when a visitor was announced.

"A priest?"

Dr. Wilson shrugged his shoulders. "Show him up."

When Luke entered the room in a calm, independent way, the following interrogatories were jerked at him. He was not asked to take a seat.

"Name, please?"

Luke gave it slowly and distinctly.

[1] *Copyrighted*, 1901, by the AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

"Parish priest, or curate?"

"Neither."

"Secular, or regular?"

"I have not come to consult you professionally," said Luke. "I have just come from England. If I needed your services, I would pay for them, and decline to be catechised."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the doctor, shuffling around. "I really didn't mean—won't you please take a seat?"

"I had some slight knowledge of Mr. Wilson and his sister in England," said Luke. "We travelled from Switzerland together; and we had arranged to leave Euston yesterday together. They failed to keep the appointment, and I just called to express a hope that nothing of serious importance could have prevented them."

"Then you know nothing further?" said the doctor, eyeing Luke closely.

"Absolutely nothing," said Luke.

"I now remember that your name was frequently mentioned in Barbara's letters, especially the latest. Then, you do not know that my son is dead?"

Luke was horrified, though he might have expected it.

"Yes," continued the doctor, "he is dead. And his sister has written to say that she, too, is dead to us and the world—she has entered some convent."

"You surprise me very much," said Luke. "I understood that they were to return and remain with their uncle, Canon Murray? And I presumed that, at least, Miss Wilson would return—"

"Of course, sir. And, in the ordinary and proper course of things she should have returned. And I tell you, sir, it is this unnatural and improper severance of family ties that is prejudicing so many people against the Church."

"I am not the custodian of Miss Wilson's conscience," said Luke. "I presume she has excellent reasons for her course of conduct. At least, she struck me as one of the most gentle and self-sacrificing beings I ever saw."

"Quite so, sir. There's the sting of it. If she were worthless, or likely to be troublesome, your convents would have nothing to say to her."

"I cannot enter into that question," said Luke. "There are many circumstances that tend to guide young people in the direction of the religious life. But at what convent, or in what Order has Miss Wilson entered?"

"That I don't know. They won't allow her to tell even her father. She simply writes to say, she is dead to the world, and desires to be forgotten. That is all."

"That means she has joined the Poor Clares, or the Carmelites. They are austere orders, and observe strict seclusion from the world."

"I don't know. I daresay they have told her to write thus. They dreaded my parental authority, lest I should remove her. And, by heavens!" cried the doctor, smiting the desk before him, "I will!"

Then the strong man broke down.

"I didn't care what might happen to that young—well, he's dead—but my heart was in that girl. And to think she should have turned her back upon me in my old age—"

"It is the usual lot of families to be separated," said Luke, kindly. "Miss Wilson might have married, and gone to India; and you might never see her again."

"True! true! let us dismiss the subject. Will you see Lady Wilson? She will be anxious to hear all about that last journey from Switzerland."

Luke remained a long time in Lady Wilson's drawing-room going over detail after detail to soothe the mother's feelings. But, ever and again, when he passed into a eulogium of the sister's virtues, the impatient mother would bring him back from the digression. Louis! Louis! it was of him she wanted to hear.

The delightful altruism of the Irish character broke suddenly upon him at luncheon in the coffee-room of the Montrouge Hotel. As he washed his hands in an adjoining room he was accosted by a great, tall, bushy-whiskered man, who, in his shirt-sleeves, was making his ablutions rather demonstratively.

"Nice day, sir?"

"Yes. Rather cold for October."

"Oh! I perceive you're from across the Channel. I have the

greatest esteem for the English character, sir! I always say we have a great deal to learn from our neighbors. Coming to see Ireland, sir? You'll be delighted and disappointed. Going south to Killarney, of course?"

"Yes. I am going south," said Luke, on whom the familiarity grated. "I am an Irish priest."

"Oh! I beg your reverence's pardon," said the other, dropping at once into the familiar brogue. "Begor, now, we don't know our priests from the parsons. They dress all alike."

"An Irishman always distinguishes," said Luke.

"To be sure! to be sure! Now, whenever I'm in England, I always go to Sandringham. I have a standing invitation from the Prince of Wales to stay with him whenever I'm in England. 'Wire me, Fitzgerald,' he said, 'and I shall have my carriage waiting for you.' No ceremony. One good turn deserves another. Are you lunching here, your reverence? As good as you can get in the city. But ask for the under cut of the sirloin. Say Fitzgerald recommended it."

Luke had vanished. He was afraid the standing invitation might be expected from himself.

"What can I have for luncheon?" he asked the waiter.

The waiter jerked the napkin over his left shoulder, placed his two hands on the table, and asked confidentially:

"Well, now, and what would yer reverence like? I suppose ye're thravelling for the good of yer health, and ye want somethin' good?"

"Quite so. Then let me have a cut of roast beef—the under cut, you know!"

"Begor, we're just out o' that. There was a party of gintlemin come in a few minits ago; and the divil a bit but the bone they left."

"Well, let me see. Have you roast mutton, or a fowl?"

"Bedad, we had yesterday. But this is the day for the roast beef."

"I see. Well, look here, I'm in a hurry to catch a train. Let me have a chop."

"The very thing. While ye'd be sayin' thrapsticks. Wan or two?"

"Two. And some vegetables."

"And what will ye dhrink?"

"Water!"

The waiter straightened himself, rubbed his chin, and stared at Luke meditatively. Then he went to the kitchen.

"Can I have some second course?" said Luke.

"To be sure, yer reverence. Anything ye like."

"Any stewed fruit?"

"Any amount of it, yer reverence. But won't ye take anything to dhrink? It's a cowld day, and ye have a long journey afore ye?"

"I'll have a tiny cup of coffee after dinner. Is this the fruit?"

"'Tis, yer reverence. Just tossed out of the tin."

"What are they?"

"Well, begor, yer reverence, I'm not quite sure meself. I'll ask the cook."

"Oh, never mind. It's all right."

But the good waiter insisted, and came back in a few minutes with a mighty pile of rice pudding.

"There, yer reverence," he cried; "take that. Sure I kem round the cook wid a bit of blarney. That's good for ye. Let them things alone."

And he removed the stewed fruit contemptuously. Luke handed him a sovereign. He almost fainted. When he had recovered, he went over to the window, Luke calmly watching him, and held the sovereign up to the light. Then he glanced at Luke suspiciously. A second time he examined the coin, and then rang it on the table. Then he bit it, and rang it again. Finally he vanished into the kitchen.

"You seemed to have doubts about that sovereign?" said Luke, when he emerged with the change.

"Is it one, yer reverence? Divil a doubt. Doubt a priest, indeed! No, yer reverence, I'm a poor man, but I knows me religion!"

"Then why did you ring it, and bite it, and examine it?"

"Is it one, yer reverence? Oh no, God forbid that I should forget meself in the presence of a priest."

"But I saw you do it," said Luke, who was fully determined to let no such insincerity pass unreproved.

"Ah! sure that's a way I have," said the waiter. "They thry to break me av it, but they can't. I got it from me poor father, —may the Lord have mercy on his sowl."

"Amen! Go, get me a cab."

Luke was hardly seated in a second-class carriage, when a commercial traveller entered, fussed about, arranged vast piles of luggage everywhere, sat down, coiled a rug around him, and took out a newspaper. In a few minutes he was staring over the edge of the paper at Luke. The latter was busy with his own thoughts —regrets after Aylesbury, memories of little kindnesses received, the regretful partings, the little farewell presents. He lifted up the soft rug. It was a present from the school children. Then he looked out on the sombre landscape, and thought of his future. Well! At least the new life would have the interest of novelty. And, then, he was not welcome in English classical circles.

"A fine evening, sir. Going south?"

The poor fellow couldn't help it. He had tried to attract Luke's attention in sundry little ways, but in vain. He had to make a bold attempt. Nothing could have annoyed Luke Delmege so surely. He wanted time for thought about a hundred things; he had been used to silence. The brusquerie of that Dublin doctor had irritated him; so, too, had the waiter's prevarication. He had met nothing like it in England, where everything was smooth, polished, mechanical; and there was no room for sudden and abrupt departures from recognized rules.

He answered coldly. The traveller was offended, drew his rug more tightly around him, and anathematized priests in general.

But, just then, that beautiful side of Irish altruism, which is not vanity and curiosity, was revealed. A lady placed two children in the carriage; and left them, on their long journey to the farthest extremes of Kerry, to the care of the guard and the benevolence of the public. The little girl, a child of five years, hugged her doll, and beamed on her fellow-passengers. Her brother curled himself up on the cushions, and fell asleep.

"You don't mean to say," said Luke to the guard, "that these children's mother has left them thus unprotected for such a journey?"

"Oh! yes, your reverence. They're as safe as in their cradles. They're Prodestans," he whispered, as a caution.

And Luke thought of "the lady with the bright gold ring on the wand she bore," and her dazzling beauty, lighted safely around the island of purity and chivalry.

And it was delightful—the little interludes at the stations where the train stopped for a moment on its rapid course southwards. At every stop the guard thrust in his peaked cap and bearded face to look after his pretty charge.

"Well, an' how're ye gettin' on?"

"Very well, thank you," the child would lisp with such a pretty accent, and such a winning smile.

"An', how'se the doll?"

"Very well, thank you?"

"What's that her name is? I'm always forgettin'."

"Bessie Louisa. This is my youngest doll, you know."

"Of course, of course! And ye're all right?"

"All right, thank you."

"Good! Tay at the Lim'rick Junction."

Twenty minutes later, the same colloquy would take place.

"Well, and how're ye gettin' on?"

"Very well, thank you."

"And how'se the doll?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Mary Jane, isn't it?"

"No, no! this is Bessie Louisa."

"Of course—Bessie Louisa! Where are me brains goin' to? And did she sleep?"

"Yes. She slept the whole way."

"Good. An' ye're all right?"

"All right, thank you."

"Good again. We'll have tay at the Lim'rick Junction."

But the benevolence was not limited to the guard. Oh! no. Every one in the carriage, now well filled, became the self-constituted guardian of the children. That boy must have been sick for a fortnight after his return home, so well filled he was with cake and fruit. Even Luke thawed out from his frozen English habits, and sat near the little girl. She told him wonderful things

about that little doll, showed him all her trousseau, including a lace skirt, which she said papa wore in his baby-days; told him the names of flowers by the wayside, and gave strange names to the ponies that scampered away from the onrushing train. He was half jealous when the hirsute guard appeared, and the child smiled at her friend. And then *da capo:*

"An' how're ye gettin' on?"

"Very well, thank you."

"And how'se the doll?"

"Very well, thank you."

"Mary Anne Kate, isn't it?"

"No, no, no, no! Bessie Louisa."

"Of course, of course! An' ye're all right?"

"All right, thank you."

"Good! We ordhered tay at the Junction."

That "tay at the Junction," was a wonderful ceremony. Everyone—guard, porters, passengers—was interested. And when the young waiter, in tight brown uniform, and with a ribbon of bright brass buttons running from collar to boot, came bearing aloft the tray and its steaming contents, there was almost a cheer. There never was such a number of improvised, amateur, and volunteer waiters in the chambers of the great. A landlord, who had a piece of flint in the place of a heart, a military swashbuckler who had stabbed and sabered a hundred Paythans in the Himalayas—even an attorney, volunteered their services. Luke was selected by the young empress; but he shared the honors nobly, by allowing the landlord to butter the bread, and the attorney to pour out the tea. He gave Bessie Louisa to the bold *sabreur.* And on went the train merrily, the child eating, laughing, smiling at these worshippers of her unconscious attractions, until they came to the next junction, where she dimissed them with royal bounty.

Luke had to go further. His young charge almost crowed with delight when he told her. And then, she fell fast asleep. Half dreaming, half conscious, always waking up to smile, she lay wrapped in the warm rug that Luke had drawn around her, pillowing her head on his arm, and watching in the growing twilight the shadows deepening on the smiling face. Once or twice he tried to read his Office; but in vain. He laid it aside.

"God won't blame me," he said. "It is the shadow of His mighty wings that envelops us; and He hath given His angels charge over us to keep us in all our ways."

And Luke, too, fell asleep, the child resting on his arm. He reached home at night, and had an effusive welcome. The following day he called on the Canon. The good old man looked stooped and aged.

"Have you any news—of—ha—Barbara, Miss Wilson?" he said.

"None," said Luke, "but what her father told me—that she had entered some convent."

"Quite so. I am quite sure that she will—ha—rise to something responsible and—ha—respectable."

"I hope Miss Wilson wrote to you, sir, explaining her intentions," said Luke.

"Ahem! yes. But she has not entered into details. I dare say she will write again."

The Canon, too, was nettled. He could see no cause for such great secrecy and such haste.

"I understand that—ha—in England a young lady, well connected and talented, might rise to—a—very dignified position?"

"Yes, indeed. Amongst the Carmelites at the old convent at Lanherne, the Reverend Mother has the dignity of a mitred Abbess. At least," said Luke, hastily correcting himself, "she has the privilege of a crozier, which ought to be equivalent to a mitre."

"Then, believe me, sir," said the Canon, "the day Barbara's virtues and talents are recognized, the—ah—community will raise her to the most dignified and respectable position in their power."

There was a few moments' silence.

"And you have returned to—ah—resume work in your own diocese?" said the Canon.

"Yes, sir. I was hoping, indeed, to be able to give my services to the cause of religion in England; but it was decided otherwise. I am just going to see the Bishop about my future arrangements."

"Quite so. You will kindly take a letter from me to his Lordship. I would wish very much that I could detain you—ah—here; but you know it might establish a dangerous precedent—"

"I'm sure I'm extremely obliged to you, sir," said Luke. "But I hope that I shall be placed, sooner or later, somewhere near, that I might be able to see you sometimes."

The Bishop was very kind, and would have wished to place Luke in some leading position; but all things in Ireland, especially ecclesiastical, are governed by iron rules, the hardest and most inexorable of which is custom. Luke got his appointment to a country mission.

"You will find the parish priest somewhat quaint," his Lordship said, "but a saint."

Luke called on Margery, now Sister Eulalie. She looked to her brother's eyes lovelier than ever in that most beautiful habit, specially designed by our Lord for his favorite Order of the Good Shepherd. Margery was enthusiastic about her dear brother.

"But, Luke, you're horribly changed. Where did you get that grand accent? And you are so stiff and solemn and grave, I'm half afraid of you."

Yes. Luke was very solemn and grave, partly from natural impulse, partly from his English training. Margery said she didn't like it. But she did, deep down in her heart. And when one of the Sisters whispered to her: "You ought to be proud of your brother"—Margery was proud, very proud. And a little indignant, too. What did the Bishop mean by sending her glorious brother to a wretched country parish, all moor and mountain; whilst here, in the city, so much energy and eloquence and personal magnetism were wanting?

"I don't know what's come over the Bishop," she thought. "And he always spoke so highly of Luke."

"Luke dear," she said, "you mustn't mind. You are sent there just for a time to save appearances, and to prevent jealousy. Before twelve months, you'll be here at the Cathedral. Now, say you don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, not at all," said Luke airily. "I have had no reason to expect anything better. I made my bed, and I must lie on it."

"Now, that's a note of discontent," said Margery, with her quick intuition; "never mind! I suppose this old parish priest is like dear old Father Meade!"

"Oh! by the way, has that visionary called?" said Luke.

"Yes," said Margery. "He called. We were full. But he would take no denial. 'God sent them,' he said, 'and take care you are not found fighting against God.'"

"It was the wildest expedition a priest ever entered on," said Luke. "Such utter contempt for prudence, and even for the proprieties, was never seen before."

"Those are the men that move mountains," said Margery. And Luke didn't like it.

Then Margery drew out of her little treasury sundry little gifts—a pyx-case, a little bundle of corporals and purificators, an oil-stock cover, a number of Agnus Deis for the poor, etc.; and Luke took them with half a sigh, thinking of the new life before him; then he kissed his little sister, and departed for his mission.

"We cannot stand you now, Eulalie," said one of the Sisters. "A brother like that would turn any one's head."

But Sister Eulalie felt a little sinking of the heart somehow. There was something wanting in that grand, stately character.

"I wonder will the poor like him," she said.

Luke passed an uneasy night. Whether that quilt was too heavy, so very unlike the soft down quilt at Aylesbury, or this feather bed was too soft, or these blankets were too coarse or hard, or whether it was that heavy odor around the room, as if the windows had not been raised for a long time,—at any rate, he was restless and troubled. And when in the gray dawn of the October morning, he heard a sound of moaning in the next room, occupied by his pastor, he rose up, and fearing that the old man was ill, he knocked gently at his door. In answer to "Come in!" he entered. The old man, fully dressed, was leaning over a chair, on which was a large black crucifix, and there he was pouring out his soul to God with sighs and tears.

"I was afraid, sir," stammered Luke, "that you had been taken ill—"

"Go back to bed, boy, and stay there till I call you," said the old man.

Luke returned wondering, and looked at his watch. It was just five o'clock. Luke shivered. But, when after breakfast, he strolled out to see the surroundings of his future life, he groaned aloud:

"Good heavens! It *is* Siberia, and I am an exile and a prisoner."

The morning was fine, and a gray mist hung down over field and valley, and wet the withering leaves, and made the red haws, that splashed the whole landscape, as if with blood, glisten and shine. But the mist could not conceal the gray, lonely fields, the cocks of hay, half rotten, left out by some careless farmer to rain and frost; the brown, black mountains, seamed and torn in yellow stripes by the everlasting torrents. Here and there, across the desolation, were green nests, where some comfortable farmer resided; and here alone a few scraggy trees broke the monotony of the landscape.

"It's a land of death and ruin," said Luke. He returned. The old man was reading a paper.

"Have I anything to do, sir?" said Luke.

"Oh, to be sure, to be sure," said the old man. "You might look at the stables, and see how is that little mare. That ruffian spares the elbow-grease, I promise you. And see if he has got in them mangolds; and if the thatch is keeping right on that hay. And, in the afternoon, you might drive over to see the school at Dorrha. I'm afraid that teacher is pulling a cord with the assistant, and the children are neglected."

"At what hour is luncheon?" asked Luke.

"Wha—at?" said the pastor in alarm.

"Luncheon, sir? At what time is luncheon on the table?"

"There's no such thing here, young man," said the pastor. "You'll get your dinner at three o'clock, and your tea at eight, if you like. I never take it. That's all."

"Oh! very good, sir," said Luke, reddening. "I didn't know. I only wanted to be quite sure, and punctual about the time."

"That needn't trouble you much," said the old man. "If there's anything in this country we've enough of, 'tis time, and water."

Luke strolled out, and looked. It was a dreary sight. The stone wall that surrounded the presbytery grounds had fallen in several places, and the moss-grown stones lay piled in hopeless confusion. A few scraggy hawthorn trees, now loaded with red berries, sprang up here and there. The yard was littered with dirty

straw; geese, hens and turkeys waddled around, picking the fallen grain, and occasionally quarrelling; the mare was stamping in the stable; and the boy was nowhere. Oh, yes! he was leaning luxuriously against a hedge, the dripping of whose bushes he did not heed, and smoking leisurely a short, clay pipe, was the boy. He did not see Luke. He was in a reverie. It must have been a pleasant one, for occasionally he removed the pipe from his mouth, and gave vent to a long, low chuckle. Sometimes he grew serious, and even angry, as he held the pipe poised in one hand, and the other came down on the unresisting air, hot and heavy. Then he resumed his pipe with philosophical placidity. It was a pity to disturb such dreams, but Luke was inexorable. He had a mission, and that was to wean away the Irish character from its picturesque irregularity, and to establish in its stead the mechanical monotony of England. He did not say so, because the grinding of the machinery was still hateful to him. But he had a firm, deep-rooted conviction that the one thing wanting in Ireland was the implanting of English ideas, English habits —thrift, punctuality, forethought, industry; and that he was the apostle of the new dispensation. Hence he broke the dream of this hedge-side visionary; and the pipe, at the same time, fell from the mouth of the dreamer, and was shattered.

"You have nothing to do, I suppose, this morning?"

"I have, your reverence," the boy answered sullenly.

"Then, why not do it?" said Luke.

"I was waitin' for the min to turn up about thim mangels," said the boy.

"And, whilst waiting, could you not get that grease for the priest's horse?"

"What grase, your reverence?"

"The parish priest says the mare is ruined for want of elbow-grease," said Luke.

The man looked at his interrogator keenly, looked him all over, laughed deep down in his heart, as he had never laughed before; but said, with a face of preternatural solemnity:

"Very well, your reverence; I'll see to it."

The parish priest was very much surprised for several days at the very unusual hilarity that prevailed in the kitchen; and some-

times Ellie, the under servant, found it difficult to avoid tittering, when she brought the dishes to table.

Luke visited the school at Dorrha. It was a poor, little mountain school, with about seventy pupils. A few tattered maps, from which the sharp pointers had long since worn away the political divisions of countries, hung around the walls; a clock stared silently at the ceiling; and on a blackboard were certain hieroglyphics supposed to be geometrical. The teacher made a profound bow to Luke. Luke responded.

"Would his reverence take a class?"

"With pleasure."

"Which would his reverence please to examine?"

"It made no difference. Say the sixth."

"They'll be afraid of your reverence," whispered the teacher. "They have been reading all about you in the paper; and they know all about Maynooth."

Here was the *First of First*, buried in silence for seven long years, trotted out again in dear, magnanimous Ireland.

The children did look frightened enough, especially when Luke ordered them to keep their heels together and hold up their heads. Alas! that is not so easy. The weight of seven centuries of serfdom is upon them. How can they stand straight, or look you in the face?

Then, Luke was too precise.

"If you want to read well," he explained, "you must give full expression to every vowel and lean on every consonant. There, now, what crime did that final *g* commit that you elide it? I don't see *h* in water. Hold up your heads. Look me straight in the face," etc., etc.

Luke thought the lesson quite absurd. It was about political economy, and was very dismal and abstruse. He flung the book aside. He would commence the education of these children on new lines.

"Do you know anything of hygiene, children?"

No. They had never heard of the goddess.

"I notice that your teeth are, for the most part, decayed, or in process of decay. Do you know what that proceeds from, or how it may be arrested?"

"Atin' sweets," they said in a chorus.

"Perhaps that is the remote or secondary cause. The immediate cause is want of phosphates in the blood. Do you know what phosphates are?"

"We do."

"Well. What are phosphates?"

"Guano—manoor."

"Not quite. You're confounding two things." And Luke went on to explain the arterial supplies to the teeth, and the reflex nervous action on the brain; the absolute necessity, therefore, of eschewing tea, and living on phosphates, like oatmeal. He was a confirmed tea-drinker himself.

Before the Angelus bell tolled that evening, it was reported through the parish that a Protestant parson from England had visited the school, and had recommended the children to go back to the diet of the famine years.

XXVI.—The King's Secret.

Father Tracey, ex-parish priest, chaplain to the City Hospital, was rejoiced, humbled, elated, stupefied, one of these days in early October. His conduct, indeed, gave rise to not a little comment. When a man stands still in the midst of a crowded street and stares at the ground, and then drives his stick into it fiercely, and walks away, with his head in the air, people are apt to be unkind in their conjectures. But, to have seen him read his Office these days, was a rare and portentous experience. For he kissed the ground, and abased himself a hundred times before his Maker; and, then, at the *Laudate's* flung out his arms, like a cross, and sang them into the ears of heaven. It was all about something that had happened at the death of Allua. For Father Tracey was also chaplain to the penitents at the Good Shepherd Convent. He had been offered the chaplaincy to the nuns, but declined it with a shiver.

"Who am I," said he, "to take these saints up the steep ladder of perfection? But, if your Lordship would let me look after these poor penitents—"

He had his wish; but never after spoke of his charge as "penitents;" that implied some harshness. They were "his little

children," or "his saints." Now he had seen wonderful miracles wrought amongst his saints—miracles of grace and mercy unimaginable—souls, visibly snatched from hell; souls, lifted to the highest empyrean of sanctity, and the holy old man wondered, exulted, and was glad.

"There isn't in the world," he said, "a happier old man than I. What did I do, that God should be so good to me?" And he plunged his stick into the ground.

Well, Allua, little child of the convent-school, had passed through the hell of London fire, and had been snatched from the deeper Hell by the mercy of her Lord. And Allua was about to die. The poor child had passed through terrific temptation, since she had been safely housed beneath the sheltering arms of the Good Shepherd—temptations from circumstances in her former life, temptations from the unseen—lastly, temptations to despair. Margery, who was privileged to be near her, described these temptations as fearful in the extreme.

"You can see everything that the Saints have told," she said; "everything but the faces of the evil spirits."

Father Tracey was troubled during these eventful days. He asked for redoubled prayers, for daily communion. Then, in his great anxiety and humility, he sent for Father Meade. And so, when the end had come, the poor, dying penitent saw bending over her the two familiar faces of the priests who had saved her, and then came a moment of supreme tranquillity.

"'Tis all over now, Father. But oh! it was terrible whilst it lasted."

And then in profound peace and ecstasy the poor trembling soul passed into the arms of the Good Shepherd. It was early morning, and Father Tracey went straight to the altar and celebrated Mass. Margery was privileged to bring him his humble breakfast; for Margery was a great favorite. It was very amusing to see the young Sister putting little dainties onto the old priest's plate, and the old man as carefully putting them aside. Sometimes Margery succeeded by clever little stratagems.

"Most people don't eat that, Father. They say it isn't nice. I wouldn't eat it."

"Indeed?" the good old man would reply, as he gobbled up the dainty. And then he would gravely shake his head.

"Why don't you brush your hat, Father? There, I've done it now. Can't you send up that old coat, and we'll have it dyed here? There now, you're horrid this morning. You came out unshaved."

And Father Tracey would blush, like a girl, and apologize for his negligence.

"You want to make me like that grand brother of yours, who'll be our bishop some day, I suppose. Ah me! Those clever young men! Those clever young men!"

And Margery, with her hands folded beneath her scapulary, would silently pray that her grand brother might some day be even as this poor, despised old priest.

But this morning there was great colloguing. They had heard, or seen something supernatural, there in that Infirmary; and Father Tracey was crying with joy and ecstasy, and Margery was crying to keep him company.

"I can't believe it," said Father Tracey, trying to gulp down his tea. "It's too grand—or, God forgive me, why should I say, anything too grand for the Father of all miracles and mercies?"

"It's quite true, then," said Margery. "I didn't notice it myself, until you called for prayers for poor Allua in her agony. Then, I went straight to Mother Provincial, and told her. She warned me that I was not to speak of it to any one but you. And, I suppose, you'll never keep the secret. Men never can, you know."

"I wish," said the old man in his ecstasy, "that I could shout it from the housetops and the mountains, and call all men to pray and glorify God. But, my dear, to tell the truth, I was surprised that our prayers were heard so soon. God does not give way so easily, always. I see it all now."

He paused for a moment.

"And you positively tell me—?"

"Positively. Do you doubt me, again, sceptic?"

"No. But—"

"I tell you 'tis true. And our good Mother knew it all the time; but not a word. She is very prudent. And I saw her once or twice, when she thought no one was looking, going down on her knees, and kissing the ground!"

"God bless her!" said the old priest. He went back to the Infirmary. The frail, shattered form lay, oh! so peaceful and calm, in the glorious transfiguration of death. She still wore the penitent's habit; her beads were wreathed around her fingers, which clasped a crucifix; and a few flowers were pinned here and there to her dress. But the face—once more the face of a little child, had been sculptured into unearthly beauty by the chisel of Death, who stood by and waited, for he worked only in solitude, and seemed to say: "Mark! how I can beautify before I destroy. So too shall the reincarnation come after destruction."

Father Meade came up, too, after Mass and breakfast. He knew nothing of the great secret.

"It's a beautiful sight, William," said Father Tracey. "God will bless you for this beautiful soul, redeemed to Him."

But Father Meade only stooped down, and blessed the forehead of his little child, and whispered:

"Good-bye, Allua!"

And when Margery accompanied the old chaplain to the gate, and had made sundry comments, on his green coat, and his brown hat, and frayed and fringed habiliments, he seemed not to mind, but now and again would stop and plunge his stick into the ground, and ask, as if he had never heard it before:

"God bless me! you don't tell me?"

"But I do; Father dear, what an unbeliever you are!"

"And I mustn't pretend, you know, to know anything, I suppose?"

"No. You're to go on, as if you saw nothing, and shut your eyes, and mouth!"

"God bless me! that will be hard. And, you really tell me? And Reverend Mother knew it all the time?"

"There, now! Good-bye! If you show by sign or token that you know anything, you'll be expelled; and then, what will your saints do?"

"God bless me! you don't say so? Very well, you won't see me as much as wink one eye."

But he was hardly an adept at deception. Every one of his many acquaintances knew that something was up. And some wise people, watching his ecstatic features, said amongst themselves:

"He has seen *something*. Could it be the Blessed Virgin?"

Margery walked back from the gate very thoughtfully, and reached her cell. Not the following Sunday, but some Sundays later, she penned a letter to her great brother. He, too, was passing through strange and novel experiences.

"I can see the quaintness, but I cannot see the sanctity of this old gentleman," thought Luke, as they sat after dinner, and chatted. The old man, following a time-honored custom of thirty years, had made two tumblers of punch, and pushed one towards his curate.

"You'll only get one, young man," he remarked, "but 'tis a decent one."

"I never touch the like," said Luke, with a contemptuous sniff.

"Oh!" said the old man; and it was a rather prolonged exclamation.

"Here, Jer," said the housekeeper, when the glasses were removed. Jer was the meditative boy who was always found in the vicinity of the kitchen about dinner time. "'Tis your luck; though, faith, you don't desarve it."

"Ellie, will you have a little sup?" said Jerry, generously. But Ellie gave him a look of withering contempt.

"Here's your health, ma'am," said Jerry, adding in his heart: "May the Lord help our young priesht to keep his pledge faithfully all the days of his life."

This went on for three evenings. The fourth evening a strange thing happened. The prodigy caused much perturbation in the kitchen, and afforded Jerry abundant food for anxious reflection as he sat under his favorite hawthorn. What was the explanation? Had the young priest forsworn his pledge and gone the way of his fathers? Impossible. Had the parish priest swallowed both? Equally impossible. Then, the following evening, but one tumbler came out of the parlor; and henceforth, but one —and the vast perspective of tumblers, reeking hot, and extending to eternity, vanished, like a pleasant dream.

What had happened was this. The good old pastor, a slave to habit, not heeding Luke's refusal the first evening, continued concocting the second tumbler on the succeeding nights.

"May I have a cup of coffee, sir?" said Luke.

"Coffee? No, young man, you may not. There is no such thing ever made in this house. You can have tea for breakfast, and tea for tea, and a glass of good punch at your dinner. That's all!"

"Thank you!" said Luke, curtly.

The fourth evening the old man brewed the two tumblers as he had done for thirty years; and pushed one towards Luke. Luke thought it was intended as an insult. He took up the steaming tumbler, and going over, he raised the window, and flung the liquid into the grass. Then he put down the window, and bringing back the empty glass, resumed his seat. The old man said not a word.

Each of these lonely winter evenings, precisely at eight o'clock, the household assembled for the rosary; then, all lights were put out. Luke used retire to his bedroom, with what thoughts and memories may be conjectured. The remembrance of the past with all its intellectual pleasures haunted him; the future with all its dread possibilities frightened him. Was this to be his life? Dreary days, spent in idleness and unprofitable attempts to raise a helpless and dispirited people; and dreadful evenings, when he could not escape from himself, but had to face the companionship of thoughts that verged on despair. Yet, he made gallant attempts. Youth and hope were on his side; and there was no retreat. He had burned his ships. And, after all, why could he not do what the Canon had done in and around Lisnalee? That was Arcadia; this Siberia! Well, the brave soul is that which bends undauntedly to the hopeless task. He would try.

"Now, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Conor," he would say to a parishioner; "but don't you know that that festering heap of compost is a nest of typhus and diphtheria? The horrible miasma pollutes the entire atmosphere, and fills the house with disease?"

"I suppose so, your reverence; but, begor, no one died in this house for the past three generations, except of ould age."

"That is exceptional," Luke would reply; "but, apart from the question of sanitation, don't you think that a few flower beds would look better than that dismal swamp?"

"Of course, yer reverence, but we'd have to pay dear for them."

"Not at all. A few wallflowers in spring, and a few tufts of primroses—there are thousands of them in the spring-time in the hedgerows,—and a few simple geraniums in the summer would not cost you one half-crown. Now, Lizzie, don't you agree with me?"

"I do, Father," Lizzie would say.

"So do I, yer reverence; but it isn't the cost of the flowers I'm thinkin' of, but the risin' of the rint. Every primrose would cost me a shillin'; and—"

"I thought that was all past and gone for ever?" said Luke.

The poor man would shake his head.

"I daren't, yer reverence. Next year, I'm goin' into the Land Courts agin; and, begor, the valuators and commissioners would put it on, hot and heavy, if they saw a sign of improvement about the place."

"Good heavens!" Luke would say. "Then 'tis your interest to drag everything back to prairie conditions instead of improving house and land and gardens?"

"You've said it, yer reverence," said Conor.

This horror oppressed Luke keenly. In the beginning he used flare up in anger when a poor peasant would come to him on a sick-call or other business.

"Put on your hat. Don't you see 'tis raining?"

"Yes, yer 'anner."

"Stop that infernal word. Call your priest 'Father.'"

"Yes, yer 'anner."

"Look here, my poor man. Hold up your head, look me straight in the face, and call me 'Father.'"

"Yes, yer 'anner."

Then Luke would fume and foam, and preach lessons on independence and manliness, and that God should be feared, not men; and he quoted the example of our Lord, and His firm, respectful, dignified bearing before Herod and Pilate. Then, after a while he desisted. It was no use. And in the cold, raw winter, as he rolled along on his side-car, and saw the poor farmers with down-bent heads, and faces burnt by the bitter wind, driving the heavy ploughs into the hard, unyielding earth, he thought with intense bitterness that that poor toiler was laboring, not for his

own little family over there in that wretched cabin—that meant only bread and potatoes,—but for the agent, that he might have his brandy and cigars; and for two old ladies in a Dublin Square, that they might give steaks to their lap-dogs; and for a solicitor again above them, that he might pay for his son in Trinity; and, on the highest pinnacle of the infamous system, for the lord, that he might have a racer at the Derby and St. Cloud, and a set of brilliants for Sadie at the *Opera Comique*. And he thought with a shudder, that he heard, here in the peaceful Irish valley, the grinding and jarring of the dread engine of English law. Can it be, he said, that the horrid thing has stretched out its tentacles and grinds and grasps with its inexorable unconsciousness, even here? But he put the dread thought aside. Had not the great Canon risen buoyantly over all these difficulties, and created his little paradise? How was it done? And Luke was puzzled.

He was also puzzled by another circumstance. It was the quaint, strange language of this mysterious people. It was quite clear that they regarded this earth and this life as of but little moment.

"Wisha, yer reverence, 'tis good enough for the short time we're here. Sure 'tis here to-day and away to-morrow!"

"Yer reverence, why should we throuble about this dirty body? Sure, 'tis good enough for the worms."

"I'm goin' to me long home, yer reverence; and 'tis time. If we hadn't much here, sure we'll have plenty hereafter."

Luke didn't like all this. It sounded indeed dreadfully like the Scriptures: "Take ye no thought for the morrow;" "Which of ye can add to your stature;" "Consider the lilies of the field;" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," etc., etc. The whole thing was horribly reactionary. But, these quaint Irish peasants were dreadfully like those fishermen of old; and their philosophy of life was suspiciously a reflection of that which was preached by the Sea of Galilee; and which all men have agreed to pronounce Divine. But where then was the philosophy of the salon, and the delicious humanitarianism of Amiel Lefevril? Seek ye the God in man? Evidently these poor people didn't believe it possible—that strange quest of the *Illuminati*.

It was on one of these wintry days that Luke received his sister's letter. It ran thus:

"*Dear Luke:*—I cannot help writing to ask your prayers, and if not too much, a remembrance in the Holy Sacrifice (perhaps, if you have time, you may give a whole Mass), for one of these poor penitents whom dear Father Meade brought from England. Oh, Luke! such a death! It was horror after horror in the beginning. Then, such serenity and peace. It was a miracle; and we couldn't understand it. But I saw something that explained all. Still it is a great secret; and I must not tell. Father Tracey (but you don't know Father Tracey, the dearest old priest that ever lived) knows ittoo, and is in ecstasies. But we must not tell. But God is so wonderful. Some day, perhaps.

"Will you be going home soon? Do, dear Luke, they're dying to see you. I hope you like your mission. Try to like it, dear Luke. You know it is only temporary, and you will make it very happy if you take up and foster the poor. That makes life all rosy and sunshiny. There! I suppose now you will say: That's not English. I don't mind. But, Luke, dear, be humble; be very humble. We all need be. I wish I could tell you the great secret. But some day, perhaps.

"I suppose Reverend Mother will never allow this scrawl to pass.

"Your loving sister,

"EULALIE."

"Conventual, not conventional!" said Luke. "There is one grain of common sense. I must run home, if only to see Father Martin, and ask his advice about getting away from this unhallowed place for ever."

Father Martin was not at all sympathetic.

"There is no reason why you should not do what all the excellent priests of the diocese have done before you," said Father Martin. "They all have had to commence in the same way, and most seemed to find pleasure where you experience despair. Do you think that the life of a priest should be one long holiday of social and intellectual pleasures?"

"N—no," said Luke. "That's not it. If I had work, work, work, from dawn to dark, I shouldn't mind. But, this enforced idleness—and the daily contact with all that is sordid and—hopeless—is enough to give any man the blues."

"Well, tastes differ. Father Cussen says he is supremely

happy, except when he thinks of England; and then he is disposed to be profane. He is for ever thanking God that his lot is cast in holy Ireland, among such a loving people."

"I cannot see it," said Luke in despair. "It is England, England everywhere, when we have to blame ourselves."

"Do you think so?" said Father Martin, looking him straight in the face.

"Well," said Luke, "there are faults on both side, I suppose. I admit, indeed, this system of land-tenure is abominable—"

"We won't discuss it," said Father Martin. "Are you reading?"

"No. Why should I? All my books are in their cases in the stables. I dare not unpack them."

"Why?"

"Why? Because, first, I shall not remain here. Secondly, there is no room to put them in. Thirdly, those women would ruin them. Fourthly, where is the use of continuing one's studies in such a country?"

"Phew," said Father Martin. "You have a lot to learn, and unlearn yet, which is not found in books."

"I have learned that life is very miserable, whatever," said Luke.

"A priest shouldn't complain," said Father Martin. "He is a soldier. The outpost duty is not pleasant; but it *is* duty. The Church was not created for priests; but the priesthood for the Church."

"I have been hearing that, *usque ad nauseam*," said Luke. "And yet, everyone is anxious to get the pillows under his elbows."

"Not every one," said Father Martin, gravely. "There are numbers of priests, young and old, in this diocese, and elsewhere, who are happy in serving God under worse circumstances than yours—silent men, whose life is one great sacrifice."

"And not one gleam of intellectual pleasure?" said Luke doubtingly.

"Except the elation of duties well discharged; and such companionship as they can afford each other."

"Pretty doubtful!" said Luke, shrugging his shoulders. "Better solitude than that fellow!"

He pointed to the photograph of the poor priest, around whom Father Martin had grouped his demigods.

Then, noticing a look of pain and displeasure on the face of his friend, he said:

"I admit, indeed, there are a few compensations. There is a vague sense of home, and freedom from anxiety about money matters that one never experiences in England. Then, somehow, the landscape is gaining on me. I have seen coloring across the moors and the breasts of the mountains that would make an artist's fortune, could he fix it on canvas. And, then, certainly the little children are very attractive. The one thing that strikes every English visitor to Ireland are the children's eyes—*das Vergissmeinnicht blauste Auge!*—"

"For heaven's sake, Luke, don't talk that way before the brethren. You'd never hear the end of it."

"I shall go my own way, Father Martin," said Luke. "If there be one thing I despise before another it is the eternal deference to human opinion."

"You may be right," said Father Martin. "But, life needs its little adjustments; I was going to say its little stratagems."

That evening Father Martin sat long and anxiously near his little stove in the library—thinking, thinking of his young friend. Very few would have spoken to Luke as he had done; but he loved Luke, and would not spare his feelings.

"The Bishop must take him into the city," he said. "This violent change in his circumstances is too much for him."

Then his eye caught the photographs.

"I never thought it was so easy to scandalize the young," he said. "I wonder in what fit of diabolical uncharitableness did I put that photograph there?" He took down the frame and unscrewed it from behind. He then removed the picture that represented "conceited emptiness," and put it carefully in an album. He balanced the remaining photographs for a long time in his hand. At last, he dropped them, one by one, into the stove.

"Satan, or self, which is the same, is looking through their eyes," he said. "The crucifix is enough for an old man."

And Luke went back to his lonely room, and sat on the rude

deal chair these long, weary, winter nights, matching the rough iron bedstead, and the thick red quilt, and the painted washstand and the broken jug; hearkening to the heavy breathing of his good pastor in the next room; and thinking, thinking of the beautiful past, that had vanished so swiftly, and wondering through what narrow loophole would he escape the unendurable present and the unpromising future.

And there in the city, in a room far worse finished, knelt an aged priest, who thanked God for his supreme and unalloyed felicity, and who cried in loving wonder to the pale face on his crucifix: "Lord, Lord, what have I done to deserve it all? Stop, stop this flood of delight, or I'll die."

And when routed from his wretched pallet at midnight, he drew on his dingy clothes, and murmured, "What poor soul wants me now?" And when lighted by the night-nurse along the gloomy wards, where tossed poor diseased humanity, and some sleepless patient caught the light of his holy face, and murmured, "God bless you!" and when he came to the couch of the dying, and saw the happy look creep into the wistful, eager face, that now turned to Death tranquilly, for here was the man who could transform the King of Terrors into an Angel of Light, —he murmured, as he uncovered the pyx, and knelt before the Divine Healer of Humanity:

"Lord! Lord! how wonderful art Thou! and how generous! And what a dread purgatory I shall have for the heaven Thou hast given me here!"

CHRISTIAN ASCETICISM AND COMMON SENSE.

"LET us bring common sense to bear upon religion as upon other departments of life." This is a piece of advice, excellent as far as it goes, which we read the other day in a Catholic publication, and made a note of, though indeed we rather think we have heard something like it before. Common sense is a valuable gift, or an equally valuable acquirement. To lack common sense were indeed a misfortune; to possess it, and habitually to use it, is to have laid a foundation on which a whole edifice of good qualities and habits, psychological and moral, may be reared.

But the foundation of a house is not the peak of its roof, the basement is not the topmost story; nature is not grace; and common sense is not heroism. A hero may be, and ought to be, a man of common sense; but it is not common sense that makes a hero. And when some one proclaims that religion ought to be characterized by common sense, we do well to be on the alert lest perchance he should quietly proceed from this sound principle to the mischievous assumption that, in matters of religion, plain common sense—or what he understands to be such—is to have the last word. Any account of virtue that seems to bring its soaring heights down to the modest level of our own eyes, is more or less gratifying to our self-love. Mrs. Linns Jones, in the late Mr. Dering's *Sherborne*, was a clergyman's lady who owed a considerable measure of local popularity to the circumstance that the example of her amiable existence did not disturb the self-satisfaction of her neighbors by the discomforting suggestion of any high ideal of life. Had she possessed sufficient introspectiveness to philosophize, however mildly, concerning herself, she would no doubt have described herself as a person of great common sense. And we have Mr. Dering's own authority for saying that this was precisely the light in which she was regarded by the members of her own limited circle.

"Let us bring common sense to bear upon religion." We do not in the least imply that the writer of these words would adopt a standard of common sense no higher then that of Mrs. Linns Jones. On the contrary, he would have a man to be "tense, alert, vigorous," his thoughts quick, and his hands strong. And yet, with all allowance for a difference of ideal, the principle enunciated is, for the reason above suggested, one of which it is well carefully to examine the bearings and the limitations. "Let us bring common sense to bear upon religion." By all means, if by this be meant,—let us take care that our religion at least does not fall short (as it may so easily do) of the common sense standard. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The children of this world go about their worldly business in a common sense fashion, adapting means to ends, and taking care not to let opportunities slip; and we do well to look to it that in religious matters we at least reach

this degree of practical wisdom. But if by "bringing common sense to bear upon religion," it is meant that common sense is to prescribe limits to religious perfection, then the exhortation seems to smack of a kind of rationalism, and is hardly in harmony with the lives and teachings of the saints. Of course it may be said that all depends on your definition of terms; and if the meaning of "common sense" be so stretched and enlarged as to include, or at least to imply, faith, hope, and charity in their highest manifestations, no one could wish for a more perfect test by which to try any kind or form of religious exercise. But such is not the usual connotation of the term, and practically the stickler for common sense in religion will often be found to be one who would damp enthusiasm, pour cold water on zeal, and set bounds—unintentionally of course—to heroism.

These remarks are suggested, not merely by the few words which we have selected as a kind of peg on which to hang them, but still more by the context in which the words occur. The writer who pleads for the application of common sense to religion does so by way of clinching an argument, or of putting beyond dispute the truth of a theory which he has just been expounding, concerning the true principles of Christian asceticism. And the theory is worth discussion, because it is one which is, we fear, gaining ground, even among Catholics, at the present day. The writer's view of asceticism is a common sense view, and so far is good. It is too exclusively a common sense view, and so far is inadequate, and unless supplemented by further considerations tends to become mischievous, and all the more mischievous by reason of its specious appearance, and the somewhat oracular tone with which it is put forward. "The Christian fasts," we are told, "not to appease an angry Deity by suffering; this were a relic of heathen superstition, dishonoring to God and degrading to man; but that the whole man, body and soul together, may be more active in the service of God and his neighbor, his thoughts quicker, his hand stronger." And again: "It is temperance, not abstinence, the state of the trained athlete, tense, alert, vigorous, not that of the sickly starveling, faint for want of food," that "the Fathers of the Church . . . commend." And once more: "What is important is that people should be in what is called a

state of training: the means are of less moment, so long as the end is attained." The writer further illustrates his principle by observing that "the cold bath, the dumb-bells and the bicycle are remedies against vice and incentives to virtue (?), as efficacious, perhaps as the hair-cloth and the scourge."

Now, apart from the offensive words about appeasing "an angry Deity by suffering," to which we shall hereafter recur, there is much that is true in the remarks we have quoted; much that belongs to the legitimate domain of common sense brought to bear on religion. There are plenty of people for whom under ordinary circumstances, and apart from what the Church prescribes, no higher kind of asceticism is reasonably feasible, so far as external acts are concerned, than "the cold bath, the dumb-bells, and the bicycle," coupled with the intention to use them for the purposes of keeping a sound mind in a sound body for the service of God and of man for God's sake. But here a distinction must be observed. It is quite true that, in a well-known passage of the first Epistle to the Corinthians,[1] St. Paul compares Christian asceticism to the training of the athlete. This training, however, is to fit the Christian athlete for the exercise not merely of head and hand, but more especially of the heart; it is a training for the exercise not merely of natural faculties, but of supernatural virtues. Still, the same degree of training is not exacted of all; and the devout bicyclist, faithful to his morning prayers, and also to his morning tub, is a type of Christian not by any means to be despised. He is doing his best according to his lights; and very commendably makes use of natural means to keep out of mischief. But he is hardly a saint, and makes no pretence to exhibit in his more or less blameless life the highest ideal of Christian perfection.

To return, however, to the subject of fasting. Fasting and other austerities are, indeed, primarily intended to keep under control the passions and the animal impulses of man's composite nature. This is undoubtedly the purpose which is most frequently insisted on in the collects of the Lenten Masses in the Roman Missal. And unless this primary purpose be achieved, there is abundant room for self-delusion in asceticism. Moreover, this particular lesson is one which always needs to be enforced, and at

[1] 1 Cor. 9 : 24 ff.

no time more than now. We are told (by the same writer from whom we have already quoted) that "the dressing-gown-and-slippers idea of life is gaining ground amongst us;" and, with every allowance for epigrammatic exaggeration, the imputation may be admitted at least to this extent, that peace and prosperity necessarily bring with them more or less of danger lest men should settle down to such a bourgeois standard. In all ages, not excluding our own, men need the warning to keep themselves "in what is called a state of training." And provided the "state of training" be rightly understood, viz., as having reference to distinctively religious activities, nothing more than this can be either required or expected from the great majority of Christians.

But the laudable desire to keep oneself "in what is called a state of training" is far from being the only motive which has led the Saints of God's Church to engage in penitential exercises. The notion of "a state of training" is one which of itself involves no special relation to the central mysteries of the Christian faith, the Incarnation and death of Christ our Lord. Again and again throughout the New Testament men are either bidden or encouraged to take up the cross and follow our Lord and to rejoice that they are privileged to share in His sufferings. It is true that suffering is not put forward as an end-in-itself, and no sound system of asceticism could represent it as such. But, although it is not an end-in-itself, it is or may rightly be called, a means-in-itself. That is to say, the endurance of pain or privation is not merely a means whereby a man may fit himself to perform certain actions which are meritorious of life everlasting. It is a means whereby—without the intervention of any ulterior means—merit may be gained, provided, of course, that the pain or the privation is endured, and voluntarily assumed, with a right motive.[2] That this is the case with sufferings encountered in the pursuit of duty, or under stress of persecution, or as the result of works of charity, zeal, and the like, needs no proof for a Catholic. But, as in the case of these sufferings, this special motive is set before Christians, that in undergoing them they are made partakers in the sufferings of Christ, so this same motive has in all ages led the Saints, and thousands of

[2] "Deus qui corporali jejunio vitia comprimis, mentem elevas, virtutem largiris *et praemia*" (*Praef. Missae temp. quadrag.*). Cf. Gretser, *Opera* IV, 1, 55.

fervent Christians who have not been saints, to desire to be as far as possible "made conformable to the likeness" of Christ suffering. To take only a few instances, which ought indeed to be superfluous, we read that St. Vincent Ferrer, from his earliest youth, practised certain austerities "in order to bring the flesh into subjection and *in memory of the Passion of Christ;*" and we are told that the Blessed Henry Suso "was vehemently led on by his desire to bear in his body some sensible mark of his compassion (*condolentiae*) with the most bitter Passion of Christ.[3] "The violence of persecution has ceased," says St. Peter Damian in effect; "why should I therefore be defrauded of the pains which I desire to undergo for the love of Christ?"[4] And he speaks of the "sweet punishment" which is borne for His love. "Christ," says Gretser, "bound to the pillar and nailed do the cross, invites all to consider and contemplate the pains which He thus endured." And who, he asks, will better bring home to himself the bitterness of those pains than he who voluntarily inflicts pain upon himself?[5] Now this desire to partake, in however small a degree, in the sufferings of Christ, and the penitential acts whereby this desire is in a measure fulfilled, are plainly meritorious. Nor are they meritorious alone, but they are also available for expiation. Even antecedently to any explicit knowledge of a coming Redeemer, the fasting and the sackcloth of the Ninevites were pleasing to God and moved Him to forgiveness. Not, of course, that God (or "an angry Deity") takes delight in suffering as such. But that He is appeased by acts of penance, whereby man forestalls as it were the punishment due to his sins, is the plain teaching of Holy Scripture.[6] It is not the pain as such which pleases Him, but the dispositions with which the pain is endured. And without the pain the dispositions would at least be less intensely realized or actuated.

It is true, of course, that asceticism, like other good things,

[3] Gretser, *ibid.*, p. 20.

[4] *Epistola ad Petrum Cerebrosum, monachum*, apud Gretser, *loc. cit.*, p. 69.

[5] Gretser, *loc. cit.*, p. 62; similarly, p. 201.

[6] "Quod si vernuum et absurdum est credere illud poenitentiae genus Deum in afflictione nostra despicere quod in semetipso dignatus est pro nostra salute perferre, quid mirum, si puniendo commissa suimet se exhibeat homo tortorem, et ad evadendum judicium sibi se constituat judicem." Gretser, p. 67.

may be carried to excess. Neither the Fathers of the Church, nor any other sensible person, would commend "the state . . . of the sickly starveling, faint for the want of food." But, in the sentence from which we have taken these words, there lurks a fallacy, unless, indeed, it ought rather to be said that the fallacy obtrudes itself on the notice of the attentive reader. It lies in the calm assumption that no middle term can be found between "the state of the trained athlete" (fresh from his tub, or his dumb-bells, or a spin on his bicycle) and that of the "sickly starveling;" or, rather, that no third or intermediate condition can be worthy of commendation. And yet there undoubtedly is such an intermediate condition. It is that of those who, without in any degree incapacitating themselves for the work which it is their duty or their vocation to perform, yet seek to share as far as may be the pains of their suffering Saviour, and who, in so doing, pass far beyond the limits of anything that could reasonably be called mere spiritual "training." "I do not know," wrote Father Thurston, a few years since, in reply to a distinguished Anglican divine, "if Archdeacon Farrar chances to be acquainted with the Life of St. Francis of Assisi, or of St. Peter Claver, or of St. Vincent of Paul, or of the countless other Lives in the annals of Christian charity. Probably he looks upon these apostles as drones in the world's hive, 'half-dazed Spanish friars' exulting in the 'unnatural, self-macerating misery of *convulsionnaires*.' Yet these were men who gave their days to toiling for the fellow-men, and their nights to meditating upon their crucifix, inflicting pain upon themselves" (not merely that they might keep themselves "in what is called a state of training," but) "that they might resemble their Saviour more closely."[7] And, to borrow another illustration from the article we have just quoted, the protracted fast of those Christians, both residents and pilgrims, whose Holy Week devotions are so graphically described in the *Peregrinatio Silviæ*, was assuredly no mere exercise of spiritual drill. It was a spontaneous act of loving devotion, born of the desire to keep company with Jesus, as closely as possible, during the days of His Passion.[8]

[7] Thurston, "Archdeacon Farrar on the Observance of Good Friday," in the *Month*, May, 1895 (subsequently republished by the C. T. S.), p. 91.

[8] Thurston, *loc. cit.*, pp. 98 ff.

It may, indeed, be alleged that the penitential practices of the Saints should be regarded as, in their case, a means towards the kindling and keeping alive of the flame of charity; that, without such practices in some shape or form, that passionate love of Christ crucified, which is the distinguishing mark of Christian holiness, can hardly be maintained, unless under circumstances in which persecution or the call to extraordinary labors abundantly supplies the place of self-inflicted pain and privation. But penitential practices are not merely means towards the attainment of divine charity; they are also the fruits of that virtue, and when informed thereby, they are not merely useful as part of a course of spiritual athletics, but are in themselves in the highest degree expiatory and meritorious.

St. Asaph, North Wales. H. LUCAS, S.J.

Analecta.

SANCTISSIMI DOMINI NOSTRI LEONIS DIVINA PROVIDENTIA PAPAE XIII

EPISTOLA ENCYCLICA

AD PATRIARCHAS, PRIMATES, ARCHIEPISCOPOS, EPISCOPOS, ALIOSQUE LOCORUM ORDINARIOS PACEM ET COMMUNIONEM CUM APOSTOLICA SEDE HABENTES.

Venerabilibus, Fratribus, Patriarchis, Primatibus, Archiepiscopis, Episcopis, Aliisque Locorum Ordinariis Pacem et Communionem cum Apostolica Sede Habentibus

LEO PP. XIII

VENERABILES FRATRES

Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem.

Graves de communi re oeconomica disceptationes, quae non una in gente iam dudum animorum labefactant concordiam, crebrescunt in dies calentque adeo, ut consilia ipsa hominum prudentiorum suspensa merito habeant et sollicita. Eas opinionum fallaciae, in genere philosophandi agendique late diffusae, invexere primum. Tum nova, quae tulit aetas, artibus adiumenta, com-

meatuum celeritas et adscita minuendae operae lucrisque augendis omne genus organa, contentionem acuerunt. Denique, locupletes inter ac proletarios, malis turbulentorum hominum studiis, concitato dissidio, eo res iam est deducta, ut civitates saepius agitatae motibus, magnis etiam videantur calamitatibus funestandae.

Nos quidem, pontificatu vix inito, probe animadvertimus quid civilis societas ex eo capite periclitaretur; officiique esse duximus catholicos monere palam, quantus in socialismi placitis lateret error, quantaque immineret inde pernicies, non externis vitae bonis tantummodo, sed morum etiam probitati religiosaeque rei. Huc spectarunt litterae encyclicae *Quod Apostolici muneris*, quas dedimus die XXVIII decembris anno MDCCCLXXVIII. Verum, periculis iis ingravescentibus maiore quotidie cum damno privatim publice, iterum Nos eoque enixius ad providendum contendimus. Datisque similiter litteris *Rerum novarum*, die XV maii anno MDCCCXCI, de iuribus et officiis fuse diximus, quibus geminas civium classes, eorum qui rem et eorum qui operam conferunt, congruere inter se oporteret; simulque remedia ex evangelicis praescriptis monstravimus, quae ad tuendam iustitiae et religionis causam, et ad dimicationem omnem inter civitatis ordines dirimendam visa sunt in primis utilia.

Nec vero Nostra, Deo dante, irrita cessit fiducia. Siquidem vel ipsi qui a catholicis dissident, veritatis vi commoti hoc tribuendum Ecclesiae professi sunt, quod ad omnes civitatis gradus se porrigat providentem, atque ad illos praecipue qui misera in fortuna versantur. Satisque uberes ex documentis Nostris catholici percepere fructus. Nam inde non incitamenta solum viresque hauserunt ad coepta optima persequenda; sed lucem etiam mutuati sunt optatam, cuis beneficio huiusmodi disciplinae studia tutius ii quidem ac felicius insisterent. Hinc factum ut opinionum inter eos dissensiones, partim submotae sint, partim mollitae interquieverint. In actione vero, id consecutum est ut ad curandas proletariorum rationes, quibus praesertim locis magis erant afflictae, non pauca sint constanti proposito vel nove inducta vel aucta utiliter; cuiusmodi sunt: ea ignaris oblata auxilia, quae vocant secretariatus populi; mensae ad ruricolarum mutuations; consociationes, aliae ad suppetias mutuo ferendas, aliae ad necessitates ob infortunia levandas; opificum sodalitia; alia id genus et societatum et operum adiumenta.

Sic igitur, Ecclesiae auspiciis, quaedam inter catholicos tum coniunctio actionis tum institutorum providentia inita est in praesidium plebis, tam saepe non minus insidiis et periculis quam inopia et laboribus circumventae. Quae popularis beneficentiae ratio nullâ quidem propria appellatione initio distingui consuevit: *socialismi christiani* nomen a nonnullis invectum et derivata ab eo haud immerito obsoleverunt. Eam deinde pluribus iure nominare placuit *actionem christianam popularem.* Est etiam ubi, qui tali rei dant operam, *sociales christiani* vocantur: alibi vero ipsa vocatur *democratia christiana,* ac *democratici christiani* qui eidem dediti; contra eam quam socialistae contendunt *democratiam socialem.*—Iamvero e binis rei significandae modis postremo loco allatis, si non adeo primus, *sociales christiani,* alter certe, *democratia christiana* apud bonos plures offensionem habet, quippe cui ambiguum quiddam et periculosum adhaerescere existiment. Ab hac enim appellatione metuunt, plus unâ de causa: videlicet, ne quo obtecto studio popularis civitas foveatur, vel ceteris politicis formis praeoptetur; ne ad plebis commoda, ceteris tamquam semotis rei publicae ordinibus, christianae religionis virtus coangustari videatur: ne denique sub fucato nomine quoddam lateat propositum legitimi cuiusvis imperii, civilis, sacri, detrectandi.—Qua de re quum vulgo iam nimis et non nunquam acriter disceptetur, monet conscientia officii ut controversiae modum imponamus, definientes quidnam sit a catholicis in hac re sentiendum: praeterea quaedam praescribere consilium est, quo amplior fiat ipsorum actio, multoque salubrior civitati eveniat.

Quid *democratia socialis* velit, quid velle *christianam* oporteat, incertum plane esse nequit, Altera enim, plus minusve intemperanter eam libeat profiteri, usque eo pravitatis a multis compellitur, nihil ut quidquam supra humana reputet; corporis bona atque externa consectetur, in eisque captandis fruendis hominis beatitatem constituat. Hinc imperium penes plebem in civitate velint esse, ut, sublatis ordinum gradibus aequatisque civibus, ad bonorum etiam inter eos aequalitatem sit gressus: hinc ius dominii delendum; et quidquid fortunarum est singulis, ipsaque instrumenta vitae, communia habenda. At vero democratia christiana, eo nimirum quod christiana dicitur, suo veluti fundamento, positis a divina fide principiis niti debet, infimorum sic prospiciens utilita-

tibus, ut animos ad sempiterna factos convenienter perficiat. Proinde nihil sit illi iustitiâ sanctius; ius potiundi possidendi iubeat essse integrum; dispares tueatur ordines, sane proprios bene constitutae civitatis; eam demum humano convictui velit formam atque indolem esse, qualem Deus auctor indidit. Liquet igitur *democratiae socialis* et *christianae* communionem esse nullam: eae nempe inter se differunt tantum, quantum socialismi secta et professio christianae legis.

Nefas autem sit christianae democratiae appellationem ad politica detorqueri. Quamquam enim *democratia*, ex ipsa notatione nominis usuque philosophorum, regimen indicat populare, attamen in re presenti sic usurpanda est, ut, omni politica notione detracta, aliud nihil significatum praeferat, nisi hanc ipsam benficam in populum actionem christianam. Nam naturae et evangelii praecepta quia suopte iure humanos casus excedunt, ea necesse est ex nullo civilis regiminis modo pendere; sed convenire cum quovis posse, modo ne honestati et iustitiae repugnet. Sunt ipsa igitur manentque a partium studiis variisque eventibus plane aliena: ut in qualibet demum rei publicae constitutione, possint cives ac debeant iisdem stare praeceptis, quibus iubentur Deum super omnia, proximos sicut se diligere. Haec perpetua Ecclesiae disciplina fuit; hac usi romani Pontifices cum civitatibus egere semper, quocumque illae administrationis genere tenerentur. Quae quum sint ita, catholicorum mens atque actio, quae bono proletariorum promovendo studet, eo profecto spectare nequaquam potest, ut aliud prae alio regimen civitatis adamet atque invehat.

Non dissimili modo a democratia christiana removendum est alterum illud offensionis caput: quod nimirum in commodis inferiorum ordinum curas sic collocet, ut superiores praeterire videatur; quorum tamen non minor est usus ad conservationem perfectionemque civitatis. Praecavet id christiana, quam nuper diximus, caritatis lex. Haec ad omnes omnino cuiusvis gradus homines patet complectendos, utpote unius eiusdemque familiae, eodem benignissimo editos Patre et redemptos Servatore, eamdemque in hereditatem vocatos aeternam. Scilicet, quae est doctrina et admonitio Apostoli: *Unum corpus, et unus spiritus, sicut vocati estis in una spe vocationis vestrae. Unus Dominus, una*

fides, unum baptisma. Unus Deus et Pater omnium, qui est super omnes, et per omnia, et in omnibus nobis.[1] Quare propter nativam plebis cum ordinibus ceteris coniunctionem, eamque arctiorem ex christiana fraternitate, in eosdem certe influit quantacumque plebi adiutandae diligentia impenditur, eo vel magis quia ad exitum rei secundum plane decet ac necesse est ipsos in partem operae advocari, quod infra aperiemus.

Longe pariter absit, ut appellatione democratiae christianae propositum subdatur omnis abiiciedae obedientiae eosque aversandi qui legitime praesunt. Revereri eos qui pro suo quisque gradu in civitate praesunt, eisdemque iuste iubentibus obtemperare lex aeque naturalis et christiana praecipit. Quod quidem ut homine eodemque christiano sit dignum, ex animo et officio praestari oportet, scilicet *propter conscientiam*, quemadmodum ipse monuit Apostolus, quum illud edixit: *Omnis anima potestatibus sublimioribus subdita sit.*[2] Abhorret autem a professione christianae vitae, ut quis nolit iis subesse et parere, qui cum potestate in Ecclesia antecedunt: Episcopis in primis, quos, integrâ Pontificis romani in universos auctoritate, *Spiritus Sanctus posuit regere Ecclesiam Dei, quam acquisivit sanguine suo.*[3] Iam qui secus sentiat aut faciat, is enimvero gravissimum eiusdem Apostoli praeceptum oblitus convincitur: *Obedite praepositis vestris, et subiacete eis. Ipsi enim pervigilant, quasi rationem pro animabus vestris reddituri.*[4] Quae dicta permagni interest ut fideles universi alte sibi defigant in animis atque in omni vitae consuetudine perficere studeant: eademque sacrorum ministri diligentissime reputantes, non hortatione solum, sed maxime exemplo, ceteris persuadere ne intermittant.

His igitur revocatis capitibus rerum, quas antehac per occasionem datâ opera illustravimus, speramus fore ut quaevis de christianae democratiae nomine dissensio, omnisque de re, eo nomine significata, suspicio periculi iam deponatur. Et iure quidem speramus. Etenim, iis missis quorumdam sententiis de huiusmodi democratiae christianae vi ac virtute, quae immoderatione aliqua vel errore non careant; certe nemo unus studium illud reprehenderit, quod, secundum naturalem divinamque legem, eo unice pertineat, ut qui vitam manu et arte sustentant, tolerabili-

[1] Ephes. iv, 4–6. [2] Rom. xiii, 1, 5. [3] Act. xx, 28. [4] Hebr. xiii, 17.

orem in statum adducantur, habeantque sensim quo sibi ipsi prospiciant; domi atque palam officia virtutum et religionis libere expleant; sentiant se non animantia sed homines, non ethnicos sed christianos esse; atque adeo ad *unum* illud *necessarium*, ad ultimum bonum, cui nati sumus, et facilius et studiosius nitantur. Iamvero hic finis, hoc opus eorum qui plebem christiano animo velint et opportune relevatam et a peste incolumem socialismi.

De officiis virtutum et religionis modo Nos mentionem consulto iniecimus. Quorumdam enim opinio est, quae in vulgus manat, *quaestionem socialem*, quam aiunt, *oeconomicam* esse tantummodo: quum contra verissimum sit, eam moralem in primis et religiosam esse, ob eamdemque rem ex lege morum potissime et religionis iudicio dirimendam. Esto namque ut operam locantibus geminetur merces; esto ut contrahatur operi tempus; etiam annonae sit vilitas: atqui, si mercenarius eas audiat doctrinas, ut assolet, eisque utatur exemplis, quae ad exuendam Numinis reverentiam alliciant depravandosque mores, eius etiam labores ac rem necesse est dilabi. Periclitatione atque usu perspectum est, opifices plerosque anguste misereque vivere, qui, quamvis operam habeant breviorem spatio et huberiorem mercede, corruptis tamen moribus nullâque religionis disciplina vivunt. Deme animis sensus, quos inserit et colit christiana sapientia; deme providentiam, modestiam, parsimoniam, patientiam ceterosque rectos naturae habitus: prosperitatem, etsi multum contendas, frustra persequare. Id plane est causae, cur catholicos homines inire coetus ad meliora plebi paranda, aliaque similiter instituta invehere Nos nunquam hortati sumus, quin pariter moneremus, ut haec religione auspice fierent eâque adiutrice et comite.

Videtur autem propensae huic catholicorum in proletarios voluntati eo maior tribuenda laus, quod in eodem campo explicatur, in quo constanter feliciterque, benigno afflatu Ecclesiae, actuosa caritatis certavit industria, accommodate ad tempora. Cuius quidem mutuae caritatis lege, legem iustitiae quasi perficiente, non sua solum iubemur cuique tribuere ac iure suo agentes non prohibere; verum etiam gratificari invicem, *non verbo, neque lingua, sed opere et veritate*;[5] memores quae Christus peramanter ad suos habuit: *Mandatum novum do vobis: ut diligatis in-*

[5] 1 Ioann. iii, 18.

vicem, sicut dilexi vos ut et vos diligatis invicem. In hoc cognoscent omnes quia discipuli mei estis, si dilectionem habueritis ad invicem.[6] Tale gratificandi studium, quamquam esse primum oportet de animorum bono non caduco sollicitum, praetermittere tamen haudquaquam debet quae usui sunt et adiumento vitae. Qua in re illud est memoratu dignum, Christum, sciscitantibus Baptistae discipulis: *Tu es qui venturus es, an alium expectamus?* demandati sibi inter homines muneris arguisse causam ex hoc caritatis capite, Isaiae excitatâ sententia: *Caeci vident, claudi ambulant leprosi mundantur, surdi audiunt, mortui resurgunt, pauperes evangelizantur.*[7] Idemque de supremo iudicio ac de praemiis poenisque decernendis eloquens, professus est se singulari quadam respecturum ratione, qualem homines caritatem alter alteri adhibuissent. In quo Christi sermone id quidem admiratione non vacat, quemadmodum ille, partibus misericordiae solantis animos tacite omissis, externae tantum commemorarit officia, atque ea tamquam sibimetipsi impensa: *Esurivi, et dedistis mihi manducare; sitivi, et dedistis mihi bibere; hospes eram, et collegistis me; nudus, et cooperuistis me; infirmus, et visitatistis me; in carcere eram, et venistis ad me.*[8]

Ad haec documenta caritatis utrâque ex parte, et animae et corporis bono, probandae, addidit Christus de se exempla, ut nemo ignorat, quam maxime insignia. In re praesenti sane suavissima est ad recolendum vox ea paterno corde emissa: *Misereor super turbam,*[9] et par voluntas ope vel mirifica subveniendi: cuius miserationis praeconium extat: *Pertransiit benefaciendo et sanando omnes oppressos a diabolo.*[10]—Traditam ab eo caritatis disciplinam Apostoli primum sancte naviterque coluerunt; post illos qui christianam fidem amplexi sunt, auctores fuerunt inveniendae variae institutorum copiae ad miserias hominum, quaecumque urgeant, allevandas. Quae instituta, continuis incrementis provecta, christiani nominis partaeque inde humanitatis propria ac praeclara sunt ornamenta: ut ea integri iudicii homines satis admirari non queant, maxime quod tam sit proclive ut in sua quisque feratur commoda, aliena posthabeat.

Neque de eo numero bene factorum excipienda est erogatio

[6] Ioann. xiii, 34–35. [7] Matth. xi, 5. [8] *Ib.* xxv, 35–36.
[9] Marc. viii, 2. [10] Act. x, 38.

stipis, eleemosynae causâ; ad quam illud pertinet Christi: *Quod superest, date eleemosynam.*[11] Hanc scilicet socialistae carpunt atque e medio sublatam volunt, utpote ingenitae homini nobilitati iniuriosam. At enim si ad evangelii praescripta,[12] et christiano ritu fiat, illa quidem neque erogantium superbiam alit, neque affert accipientibus verecundiam. Tantum vero abest ut homini sit indecora, ut potius foveat societatem coniunctionis humanae, officiorum inter homines fovendo necessitudinem. Nemo quippe hominum est adeo locuples, qui nullius indigeat; nemo est egenus adeo, ut non alteri possit qua re prodesse: est id innatum, ut opem inter se homines et fidenter poscant et ferant benevole.—Sic nempe iustitia et caritas inter se devinctae, aequo Christi mitique iure, humanae societatis compagem mire continent, ac membra singula ad proprium et commune bonum providenter adducunt.

Quod autem laboranti plebi non temporariis tantum subsidiis, sed constanti quadam institutorum ratione subveniatur; caritati pariter laudi vertendum est; certius enim firmiusque egentibus stabit. Eo amplius est in laude ponendum, velle eorum animos, qui exercent artes vel operas locant, sic ad parsimoniam providentiamque formari, ut ipsi sibi, decursu aetatis, saltem ex parte consulant. Tale propositum, non modo locupletum in proletarios officium elevat, sed ipsos honestat proletarios; quos quidem dum excitat ad clementiorem sibi fortunam parandam, idem a periculis arcet et ab intemperantia coërcet cupiditatum, idemque ad virtutis cultum invitat. Tantae igitur quum sit utilitatis ac tam congruentis temporibus, dignum certe est in quo caritas bonorum alacris et prudens contendat.

Maneat igitur, studium istud catholicorum solandae erigendaeque plebis plane congruere cum Ecclesiae ingenio et perpetuis eiusdem exemplis optime respondere. Ea vero quae ad id conducant, utrum *actionis christianae popularis* nomine appellentur, an *democratiae christianae*, parvi admodum refert; si quidem impertita a Nobis documenta, quo par est obsequio, integra custodiantur. At refert magnopere ut, in tanti momenti re, una eademque sit catholicorum hominum mens, una eademque voluntas atque actio. Nec refert minus ut actio ipsa, multiplicatis hominum rerumque praesidiis, augeatur, amplificetur.—Eorum

[11] Luc. XI, 41. [12] Matth. VI, 2–4.

praesertim advocanda est benigna opera, quibus et locus et census et ingenii animique cultura plus quiddam auctoritatis in civitate conciliant. Ista si desit opera, vix quidquam confici potest quod vere valeat ad quaesitas popularis vitae utilitates. Sane ad id eo certius breviusque patebit iter, quo impensius multiplex praestantiorum civium efficientia conspiret. Ipsi autem considerent velimus non esse sibi in integro, infimorum curare sortem an negligere; sed officio prorsus teneri. Nec enim suis quisque commodis tantum in civitate vivit, verum etiam communibus: ut, quod alii in summam communis boni conferre pro parte nequeant, largius conferant alii qui possint. Cuius quidem officii quantum sit pondus ipsa edocet acceptorum bonorum praestantia, quam consequatur necesse est restrictior ratio, summo reddenda largitori Deo. Id etiam monet malorum lues, quae, remedio non tempestive adhibito, in omnium ordinum perniciem est aliquando eruptura: ut nimirum qui calamitosae plebis negligat causam, ipse sibi et civitati faciat improvide.—Quod si actio ista christiano more socialis late obtineat vigeatque sincera, nequaquam profecto fiet, ut cetera instituta, quae ex maiorum pietate ac providentia iam pridem extant et florent, vel exarescant vel novis institutis quasi absorpta deficiant. Haec enim atque illa, utpote quae eodem consilio religionis et caritatis impulsa, neque re ipsa quidquam inter se pugnantia, commode quidem componi possunt et cohaerere tam apte, ut necessitatibus plebis periculisque quotidie gravioribus eo opportunius liceat, collatis benemerendi studiis, consulere.—Res nempe clamat, vehementer clamat, audentibus animis opus esse viribusque coniunctis; quum sane nimis ampla aerumnarum seges obversetur oculis, et perturbationum exitialium impendeant, maxime ab invalescente socialistarum vi, formidolosa discrimina. Callide illi in sinum invadunt civitatis: in occultorum conventuum tenebris ac palam in luce, qua voce qua scriptis, multitudinem seditione concitant; disciplinâ religionis abiecta, officia negligunt, nil nisi iura extollunt; ac turbas egentium quotidie frequentiores sollicitant, quae ob rerum angustias facilius deceptioni patent et ad errorem rapiuntur.—Aeque de civitate ac de religione agitur res; utramque in suo tueri honore sanctum esse bonis omnibus debet.

Quae voluntatum consensio ut optato consistat, ab omnibus

praeterea abstinendum est contentionis causis quae offendant animos et disiungant. Proinde in ephemeridum scriptis et concionibus popularibus sileant quaedam subtiliores neque ullius fere utilitatis quaestiones, quae quum ad expediendum non faciles sunt, tum etiam ad intelligendum vim aptam ingenii et non vulgare studium exposcunt. Sane humanum est, haerere in multis dubios et diversos diversa sentire: eos tamen qui verum ex animo persequantur addecet, in disputatione adhuc ancipiti, aequanimitatem servare ac modestiam mutuamque observantiam; ne scilicet, dissidentibus opinionibus, voluntates item dissideant. Quidquid vero, in causis quae dubitationem non respuant, opinari quis malit, animum sic semper gerat, ut Sedi Apostolicae dicto audiens esse velit religiosissime.

Atque ista catholicorum actio, qualiscumque est, ampliore quidem cum efficacitate procedet, si consociationes eorum omnes, salvo suo cuiusque iure, unâ eademque primaria vi dirigente et movente processerint. Quas ipsis partes in Italia volumus praestet institutum illud, a Congressibus coetibusque catholicis, saepenumero a Nobis laudatum: cui et Decessor Noster et Nosmetipsi curam hanc demandavimus communis catholicorum actionis, auspicio et ductu sacrorum Antistitum, temperandae. Item porro fiat apud nationes ceteras, si quis usquam eiusmodi est praecipuus coetus, cui id negotii legitimo iure sit datum.

Iamvero in toto hoc rerum genere, quod cum Ecclesiae et plebis christianae rationibus omnino copulatur, apparet quid non elaborare debeant qui sacro munere fungantur, et quam variâ doctrinae, prudentiae, caritatis industria id possint. Prodire in populum in eoque salutariter versari opportunum esse, prout res sunt ac tempora, non semel Nobis, homines e clero allocutis, visum est affirmare. Saepius autem per litteras ad Episcopos aliosve sacri ordinis viros, etiam proximis annis,[13] datas, hanc ipsam amantem populi providentiam collaudavimus, propriamque esse diximus utriusque ordinis clericorum. Qui tamen in eius officiis explendis caute admodum prudenterque faciant, ad similitudinem hominum sanctorum. Franciscus ille pauper et humilis, ille calamitosorum pater Vincentius a Paulo, alii in omni Ecclesiae memoria com-

[13] Ad Ministrum Generalem Ordinis Fratrum Minorum, die XXV nov. an. MDCCCLXXXXVII

plures, assiduas curas in populum sic temperare consueverunt, ut non plus aequo distenti neque immemores sui, contentione pari suum ipsi animum ad perfectionem virtutis omnis excolerent. Unum hic libet paulo expressius subiicere, in quo non modo sacrorum administri, sed etiam quotquot sunt popularis causae studiosi, optime de ipsa, nec difficili opera, mereantur. Nempe, si pariter studeant per opportunitatem haec praecipue in plebis anima fraterno alloquio inculcare. Quae sunt: a seditione, a seditiosis usquequaque caveant; aliena cuiusvis iura habeant inviolata; iustam dominis observantiam atque operam volentes exhibeant; domesticae vitae ne fastidiant consuetudinem multis modis frugiferam; religionem in primis colant, ab eaque in asperitatibus vitae certum petant solatium. Quibus perficiendis propositis sane quanto sit adiumento vei Sanctae Familiae Nazarethanae praestantissimum revocare specimen et commendare praesidium, vel eorum proponere exempla quos ad virtutis fastigium tenuitas ipsa sortis eduxit, vel etiam spem alere praemii in potiore vita mansuri.

Postremo id rursus graviusque commonemus, ut quidquid consilii in eadem causa vel singuli vel consociati homines efficiendum suscipiant, meminerint Episcoporum auctoritati esse penitus obsequendum. Decipi se ne sinant vehementiore quodam caritatis studio; quod quidem, si quam iacturam debitae obtemperationis suadeat, sincerum non est, neque solidae utilitatis efficiens, neque gratum Deo. Eorum Deus delectatur animo qui sententiâ sua postposita, Ecclesiae praesides sic plane ut ipsum audiunt iubentes; iis volens adest vel arduas molientibus res, coeptaque ad exitus optatos solet benignus perducere.—Ad haec accedant consentanea virtutis exempla, maxime quae christianum hominem probant osorem ignaviae et voluptatum, de rerum copia in alienas utilitates amice impertientem, ad aerumnas constantem, invictum. Ista quippe exempla vim habent magnam ad salutares spiritus in populo excitandos; vimque habent maiorem quum praestantiorum civium vitam exornant.

Haec vos, Venerabiles Fratres, opportune ad hominum locorumque necessitates, pro prudentia et navitate vestra curetis hortamur; de iisdemque rebus consilia inter vos, de more congressi, communicetis. In eo autem vestrae evigilent curae atque auctoritas valeat, moderando, cohibendo, obsistendo, ut ne, ullâ cuiusvis

specie boni fovendi, sacrae disciplinae laxetur vigor, neu perturbetur ordinis ratio quem Christus Ecclesiae suae praefinivit. Recta igitur et concordi et progrediente catholicorum omnium operâ, eo pateat illustrius, tranquillitatem ordinis veramque prosperitatem in populis praecipue florere, moderatrice et fautrice Ecclesia; cuius est sanctissimum munus, sui quemque officii ex christianis praeceptis admonere, locupletes ac tenues fraterna caritate coniungere, erigere et roborare animos in cursu humanarum rerum adverso.

Praescripta et optata Nostra confirmet ea beati Pauli ad Romanos, plena apostolicae caritatis, hortatio: *Obsecro vos . . . . Reformamini in novitate sensus vestri . . . . Qui tribuit, in simplicitate; qui praeest, in sollicitudine; qui miseretur, in hilaritate. Dilectio sine simulatione. Odientes malum, adhaerentes bono: Caritate fraternitati, invicem diligentes: honore invicem praevenientes: Sollicitudine non pigri: Spe gaudentes: in tribulatione patientes: orationi instantes: Necessitatibus sanctorum communicantes; hospitalitatem sectantes. Gaudere cum gaudentibus; flere cum flentibus; Idipsum invicem sentientes: Nulli malum pro malo reddentes: Providentes bona non tantum coram Deo, sed etiam coram omnibus hominibus.*[14]

Quorum auspex bonorum accedat Apostolica benedictio, quam vobis, Venerabiles Fratres, Clero ac populo vestro amantissime in Domino impertimus.

Datum Romae apud Sanctum Petrum die XVIII ianuarii anno MDCCCCI, Pontificatus Nostri vicesimo tertio.

LEO PP. XIII.

II.

De honoribus instaurandis erga Alexandrum Volta.

Dilecto Filio Callisto Grandi Sacerdoti, Novocomum.

LEO PP. XIII.

Dilecte fili, salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem.

Praeclaros cives, eos in primis qui ingenio utilibusque inventis valuerunt, in memori posteritate vigere, iustitiae est animorumque grate pieque sentientium, Quamobrem nulli non visum est pro-

[14] XII, 1–7.

babile studium, quo civitas Comensium, summa omnium ordinum contentione, memoriam Alexandri Volta, qui princeps fuit electricae pilae inveniendae, laetitiis delatisque publice honoribus, instaurare atque ornare conata est.—Id tamen minime praeteriri oportuit, quod et tempori opportunum et ad infringendam rebellium ingeniorum audaciam efficax, ut videlicet ostenderetur quam coniunctissime in viro illo fides et scientia se haberent, nec christianam pietatem obruisse animum rimandis naturae viribus addictissimum.—Hoc tu, dilecte fili, sapienti egregiaque opera es prosecutus, edito volumine quod Alexandro Volta inscribitur. Cuius profecto lectione libri id obtines ut quicumque, qui non ad factionis cuiusvis placita sed ad veritatis regulam conscribi historiam desideret, fateri omnino debeat: Volta catholicorum est. Qua ex persuasione, iuvenes praesertim, qui falsis nimium opinionibus contra fidei dignitatem hac aetate imbuuntur, novo argumento pervideant necesse est praepostere iniurioseque edici, fidei simplicitate ingeniorum incidi nervos nec posse animum, qui scientiarum laude feratur, fidei christianae magisterio teneri.—Tibi igitur de conscripto volumine gratulamur, deque Nobis oblato gratias agimus. Nostrae vero benevolentiae testem ac munerum divinorum auspicem Apostolicam benedictionem amantissime impertimus.

Datum Romae apud S. Petrum die XXI Septembris MDCCCXCIX, Pontificatus Nostri anno vicesimo secundo.

LEO PP. XIII.

E S. CONGREGATIONE EPISCOPORUM ET REGULARIUM.

I.

METHODUS SEU RATIO TRACTANDI NEGOTIA DE QUIBUS CONTENTIO EST INTER PARTES APUD S. CONGREGATIONEM EPISCOPORUM ET REGULARIUM.

Die 20 Julii 1900.

In coetu generali S. C. Ep. et Reg. approbata fuit nova haec methodus tractandi negotia apud eamdem S. Congregationem. In calce exhibetur ratio vetus, quae in nonnullis differt.

1. Quotiescumque in negotiis, quae apud S. Congregationem Episcoporum et Regularium aguntur, tum ex relationibus Ordinariorum, tum ex partium deductionibus videatur expedire, ut res ad viam juris reducatur, rescribitur: "*Proponatur coram plenario Emorum Patrum coetu, citata parte et concordato dubio.*"

2. In hujusmodi casibus ii tantum uti advocati seu procuratores admittuntur, qui penes SS. Urbis Congregationes rite probati sint.

3. Coram r. d. Summista singuli actus, qui ad judicandum viam sternunt, conficiuntur.

4. Propterea pars diligentior coram eodem r. d. Summista partem adversam citat "*ad concordandum de dubio, alias videndum subscribi et disputari infrascriptum,*" quod nempe in calce citationis transcribitur.

5. Porro r. d. Summista citationis libello adscribit diem et horam audientiae, in qua citatio "*poterit legi;*" et subinde, vel propositum, vel aliud dubium concordat, de consensu partium: sin minus mandat partes suis juribus uti per memoriale in plenaria Congregatione. Praeterea idem r. d. Summista terminum praefinit ad exhibenda summaria et deductiones partium, ut opportuno tempore confici possit restrictus seu *Consultatio* S. Congregationi subjicienda.

6. Si pars citata, infra terminum praefinitum, non compareat, citatur pro secunda vice "*ad concordandum de dubio nec non destinari Congregationem.*

7. Si pars in sua contumacia perstiterit, r. d. Summista concordat dubium, et Congregationem pro Causae propositione destinat, ita tamen ut spatium saltem triginta dierum intercedat, et decretum intimatur adversae parti per Cursorem sive per litteras apud epistolarum diribitorium commendatas, quaesita receptionis syngrapha, vulgo "con ricevuta di ritorno."

8. Concordato autem dubio, utraque pars aut saltem pars diligentior deponet apud arcam S. Congregationis congruam pecuniae summam, pro expensis necessariis, in singulis casibus a r. p. d. Secretario taxandam.

9. In casu contumaciae, si post latam sententiam pars contumax postulet *beneficium novae audientiae*, ipsa tenebitur ad deponendam in arca S. Congregationis omnem pecuniae summam pro expensis novae propositionis necessariam.

10. Documenta unius partis alteri non tradentur nisi in exemplaribus *ex officio* exscriptis, praevio superiorum rescripto. Informationes tamen Ordinariorum et documenta secreta, si qua sint, nullatenus tradentur.

11. Advocati seu Procuratores antequam typis edant deductiones et summaria, quibus uti voluerint, ea subjicient r. d. Summistae, ut imprimendi licentiam impetrent: quae quidem imprimendi licentia denegari poterit vel una ea ratione, quod deductiones nimis prolixae inveniantur.

12. Allegationes typis editae decem saltem diebus ante Congregationem destinatam, tum ad *Emos Patres*, in duplici exemplari, tum ad Secretarium, Subsecretarium et Auditorem deferentur: sex autem earumdem allegationum exemplaria, ubi primum fieri poterit, penes Tabularium S. Congregationis deponentur.

13. Mutua inter partes allegationum et summariorum traditio fit decem diebus ante Causae propositionem.

14. Responsiones triduo ante propositionem Causae distribuuntur, ut in art. 12, et partibus invicem traduntur.

15. Resolutionem S. Congr. r. p. d. Secretarius in scriptis tradit, suoque nomine signat; eamque subinde per se, sive per Officialem ad id deputatum, partibus significat.

16. Si intra decem dies pars victa iterum audiri postulet, Emus Cardinalis Praefectus, audito Congressu, novae audientiae beneficium concedere potest.

17. Quoties vero res dijudicata fuerit cum clausula "*et amplius*" tunc beneficium novae audientiae non conceditur nisi a plena Congregatione.

18. Si Causa iterum proponi contingat, servandus erit modus in superioribus articulis respective praescriptus.

19. Dijudicata Causa, authenticum resolutionis exemplar Parti seu Partibus petentibus tradetur.

II.

DECRETUM DE METHODO SERVANDA IN CAUSIS QUAE APUD S. CONGR. EPISCOPORUM ET REGULARIUM JURIS ORDINE SERVATO AGUNTUR.

Die 5 Septembris 1834.

In generali Congr. habita Nonis Septembris MDCCCXXXIV Emi et Rmi Patres decreverunt, ut vetus, et propria S. Congre-

gationis methodus, seu ratio tractandi negotia, de quibus contentio est inter partes, accurate in posterum servaretur. Est autem hujusmodi:

1. Quotiescumque in negotiis quae apud S. Congregationem Episcoporum et Regularium aguntur tum ex relationibus Ordinariorum tum ex partium deductionibus videatur expedire, ut res ad viam juris reducatur, rescribitur: Partes deducant sua jura coram Eminentissimo N., qui videat et referat, citata parte et concordato dubio.

2. Coram Eminentissimo Relatore, vel ejus Auditore, adhibito SS. Congregationum Notario, singuli actus, qui ad judicandum viam sternunt, conficiuntur.

3. Propterea pars diligentior coram eodem Auditore partem adversam in jus vocat—ad concordandum de dubio, alias videndum subscribi, et disputari infrascriptum—quod nempe in calce citationis transcribitur.

4. Eminentissimus Relator, sive ejus Auditor vel propositum, vel aliud dubium concordat de consensu partium; sin minus mandat partes suis juribus uti per memoriale in S. Congregatione.

5. Si pars citata intra terminum praefinitum non compareat, citatur pro secunda vice ad concordandum de dubio, nec non destinari Congregationem.

6. Si pars in sua contumacia perstiterit, Eminentissimus Relator, vel ejus Auditor concordat dubium, et Congregationem pro Causae propositione destinat, ita tamen ut spatium saltem triginta dierum intercedat; et decretum adversae parti per Cursorem intimatur.

7. Jura autographa, quibus utraque pars utitur, quindecim diebus ante diem propositionis Causae apud D. Secretarium deponuntur, transmissa utrinque intimatione.

8. Allegationes utriusque partis, decem diebus ante Congregationem, tum ad Eminentissimos Cardinales, tum ad D. Secretarium, et Subsecretarium, ac ad Secretariam S. C. deferuntur.

9. Mutua inter partes allegationum et summariorum traditio fit eadem ipsa die in domo Auditoris Emi Relatoris.

10. Responsiones triduo ante propositionem Causae distribuuntur, et communicantur, ut in articulo praecedenti.

11. Resolutionem S. Congregationis Eminentissimus Relator

scriptis tradit, et suo nomine obsignat eamque de Secretario tradit partibus significandam.

12. Si intra decem dies pars victa iterum audiri postulet, Eminentissimus Relator novae audientiae beneficium tribuere potest.

13. Quoties cunctis suffragiis res dijudicata fuerit cum clausula, *et amplius*, vel uno tantum suffragio discrepantem cum clausula, *et non concedatur*, tunc venia redeundi non tribuitur, nisi a plena Congregatione.

14. Causa denuo proponitur servato modo, et terminis primae propositionis.

15. Dijudicata Causa authenticum resolutionis exemplar ei traditur qui Causam obtinuit.

16. Victor instat coram A. C., qui ut merus executor resolutionem S. Congregationis exequendam decernit.

CAROLUS *Card.* ODESCALCHI, *Praef.*
JO. *Archiep.* EPHESINUS, *Secret.*

E SACRA CONGREGATIONE RITUUM.

I.

BENEDICTIO FONTIS BAPTISMALIS, ET SOLEMNIA DEFUNCTORUM SUFFRAGIA.

R.mus Dominus Eduardus Pulciano Episcopus Novariensis S. Rituum Congregationi ea quae sequuntur humillime exposuit, nimirum:

I. In dioecesi Novariensi extant plures parochiales Ecclesiae erectae dismembratione ab aliis Ecclesiis parochialibus. In actu erectionis competens honor Ecclesiis matricibus tribuendus ad tramitem c. 3 *ad audientiam, de eccl. aedific.* ita constitutus fuit, ut ecclesiis matricibus fuerit reservatum ius Sabbato sancto et Vigilia Pentecostes benedicendi fontem baptismalem, Rectoribus vero ecclesiarum filialium onus impositum accedendi ad Ecclesias matrices, ibique assistendi benedictioni fontis baptismalis et recipiendi aquam baptismalem.

Verumtamen in Pastorali visitatione Episcopus Orator cognovit morem invaluisse in Ecclesiis filialibus, ubi est fons, enun-

ciatis diebus sacras functiones peragendi, benedicendi aquam ritu in Missali statuto usque ad Ss. Oleorum infusionem exclusive et postea Missam canendi. (Haec rite fieri opinio in animis fidelium ita insita est, ut ex omissione et praesertim ex omissione benedictionis aquae modo praedicto Parochi gravia timere debeant.)

II. Insuper in pastorali visitatione idem Episcopus compertum habuit aliam in pluribus parochiis extare consuetudinem, solemnia nempe defunctorum suffragia adsignandi dominicis aliisque diebus festis, eaque peragendi, constituto tumulo in medio Ecclesiae ante Missam parochialem, quae canitur de Dominica vel de festo occurrente. Mordicus adhaeret populus huic consuetudini, ea praesertim de causa quia fideles et praecipue cantores diebus ferialibus haberi nequeunt.

Porro consuetudo auferri nequit, quin perturbationes oriantur, officia pro defunctis praetermittantur et gravia proinde damna parochis obveniant. Haec consuetudo adeo inveterata est, ut quamvis E.mus Card. Archiep. Morozzo Episcopus Novariensis in Synodalibus Constitutionibus an. 1826 gravibus verbis eam eliminandam decreverit idemque obtinere conatus sit Episcopus Orator, adhuc perseveret.

Hinc quaeritur: an utraque consuetudo inveterata permitti vel saltem tolerari possit.

Et Sacra eadem Congregatio ad relationem subscripti Secretarii, exquisito etiam voto Commissionis liturgicae, rescribendum censuit:

Quoad primam consuetudinem servetur decretum *Utinen.* n. 4005 diei 13 Ianuarii 1899 ad I et II.

Quoad alteram; relate ad officium defunctorum permitti posse, nisi agatur de Dominicis et festis maioris solemnitatis: circa tumulum vero obstat Decretum *Montis Regalis* n. 3201 diei 20 Martii 1869 ad VIII. Hinc paulatim et prudenter eliminandus est abusus. Atque ita rescripsit die 16 Februarii 1900.

CAI. *Card.* ALOISI-MASELLA, *Pro-Datarius,*

L. ✝ S. *S. R. C. Pro-Praefectus.*

D. PANICI, *S. R. C. Secr.*

II.

De Celebratione Festi S. Joseph.

R.mus D.nus Aloisius Valeri Canonicus Theologus Cathedralis Ecclesiae S. Severini, Sacrae Rituum Congregationi ea quae sequuntur humillime exposuit, nimirum:

Prima dignitas Capituli praefatae Ecclesiae Cathedralis, quae titulo Archidiaconi decoratur, diebus solemnioribus, Episcopo impedito vel absente, functiones quae ad hunc pertinent peragit et Missas Conventuales decantat ad normam Caeremonialis Episcoporum; attamen id facere hucusque recusavit die 19 Martii in Festo S. Ioseph Deiparae Virginis Sponsi, ea praesertim de causa quia idem Capitulum anno 1874 facultatem obtinuit in Ecclesiam S. Augustini ipsius Civitatis se transferendi, cum iisdem tantum conditionibus et oneribus quae in primaeva Ecclesia Cathedrali erant observanda. Hinc idem R.mus Orator, nomine etiam ceterorum canonicorum, de consensu sui R.mi Episcopi, sequentis dubi solutionem efflagitavit:

"An enunciata dignitas, in casu, absente vel impedito Episcopo, ad functiones et ad Missas supradictas teneatur etiam in Festo primario S. Ioseph?"

Et Sacra eadem Congregatio, ad relationem subscripti Secretarii, exquisito voto Commissionis Liturgicae, omnibusque perpensis, rescribendum censuit:

Affirmative, et servetur Caeremoniale Episcoporum necnon Decreta N. 3595 diei 19 Septembris 1883 et N. 3865 diei 9 Iulii 1895.

Atque ita rescripsit. Die 17 Iulii 1900.

Cai. *Card.* Aloisi-Masella, *Pro-Datarius*,

L. ✝ S. *S. R. C. Pro-Praefectus.*

D. Panici, *Secr.*

Conferences.

THE AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW proposes to answer in this department questions of general (not merely local or personal) interest to the Clergy. Questions suitable for publication, when addressed to the editor, receive attention in due turn, but in no case do we pledge ourselves to reply to all queries, either in print or by letter.

OUR ANALECTA.

The Roman Documents for the month are:

I. APOSTOLIC LETTERS:

1. Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on the Social Question.
2. The Holy Father endorses the efforts of the citizens of Como to show public honors to their compatriot and townsman Alessandro Volta, the actual discoverer of the Galvanic (Voltaic) properties of electricity, of the electrophorus, the electroscope, and other important instruments in the field of physics. The written works of Volta (five volumes), as well as his biography published on this occasion by Father C. Grandi, testify to the fact that he was a devout Catholic all the days of his life.

II. S. CONGREGATION OF BISHOPS AND REGULARS:

1. Points out articles of the revised method to be followed in presenting ecclesiastical law suits before the S. Congregation.
2. The rules formerly followed are subjoined to emphasize the change.

III. S. CONGREGATION OF RITES:

1. Answers doubts concerning the blessing of baptismal fonts in parish churches formed by dismem-

berment of other parish churches; also concerning a custom of having funeral obsequies with catafalque, etc., on Sundays and feast days when the Mass is being celebrated *de die* or *de festo*.

2. Resolves a doubt regarding the celebration of the feast of St. Joseph, March 19; applies particularly to cathedral churches to which capitular dignitaries in the canonical sense are attached.

EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION ON FEASTS OF EVANGELISTS.

Qu. According to the rubrics of the Roman Pontifical the solemn consecration of a bishop can only be performed (except by special Papal Indult) on Sundays or on the feasts of the Apostles.

1. Do the feasts of the Apostles comprehend feasts of Evangelists?

2. Do they comprehend all feasts of Apostles, such as St. Peter *ad Vincula*, August 1; St. Paul's Conversion, January 25, etc.?

3. Do they comprehend feasts of the Apostles which are merely diocesan or provincial, and found in the Breviary and Missal under the *Officia pro aliquibus locis*, such as the *Commemoratio Omnium SS. Apostolorum*, June 29?

I have heard and read contradictory statements on the subject, and the matter is of practical importance.

JAM-CONSECRATUS.

Resp. The Roman Pontifical states that episcopal consecration is to take place, "vel die Dominica, vel Natalitiis Apostolorum, vel etiam die festiva, si accedat Indultum Apostolicum."

Catalani, in his Commentary on the Pontifical, assigns as the reason for this rubric the fact that Sunday commemorates the Resurrection of our Lord, and hence the founding of the Apostleship, whilst the birthdays of the Apostles, that is their entrance to eternal life, commemorate the dignity and reward of the Apostolic College, whose vicars and successors the bishops are.[1]

[1] *Comment. in Pontif.*, tom. I, tit. xiii, § 2, n. 2.

1. The question whether the Evangelists—SS. Mark and Luke—can be numbered among the Apostles whose successors the bishops are, has been answered in the affirmative by a number of liturgists, among others in the *Ephemerides Liturgicae*, a Roman liturgical periodical highly commended in several Briefs by the Sovereign Pontiff. Answering the question, "Licetne episcopum consecrare in festo S. Marci vel S. Lucae?" the *Ephemerides* replies: "Inter Apostolos et Evangelistas nullum ponit discrimen Ecclesia, uti constat ex Decretis in *Romana* d. d. 18 Sept. 1666, atque *Urbis et Orbis* d. d. 17 Jul. 1706. Verum quidem in his agi tantum de translatione; at Liturgiae periti cuncti ex iis omni cum securitate inferunt, inter Apostolos et Evangelistas non intercedere discrimen. Id autem, sive quia Evangelistae Apostoli nomen apprime sibi promerent, sive quia festi ritum quod pertinet, sicuti in iis invocandis pares utrosque facit Ecclesia. Ergo, salvo meliori judicio, Episcopi consecratio, quae jure fieri potest ex Pontificalis Rubrica in Natalitiis Apostolorum, potest et fieri in Natalitiis SS. Evangelistarum, uti SS. Marci et Lucae."[2]

Despite the authority with which this answer stands apparently unchallenged (since we find no correction in subsequent numbers of the Roman periodical), we doubt the legitimacy of the inference. It is true the liturgy in some sense places the Apostles and Evangelists (two of them are Apostles) in the same category. But that is not a category of *quality* so much as of *dignity*. The liturgy does not confound the two titles by applying the name of Apostles to the Evangelists who were not members of the Apostolic College. On the contrary, it keeps the two titles distinct even where equality of liturgical rank is indicated, as for example in the Litany of All Saints. Here all the Apostles are first enumerated; after them the two Evangelists. Then follows the invocation *Omnes SS. Apostoli et Evangelistae*, keeping the two classes separate. The fact that the body of the Office for the Evangelists is taken from the *Commune Apostolorum* does not lessen the distinction, since it merely implies a certain likeness of the character of Apostles and Evangelists without allowing that they are identical in office.

[2] *Eph. Lit.*, 1894, vol. 8, pp. 431–432.

2. Interpreting the Pontifical according to the letter, it cannot be held that the feasts of the Evangelists, unless they be also Apostles, are included under the caption "Natalitiis Apostolorum." That the restriction was intended to be definite seems further implied in the expression "*Natalitiis* Apostolorum," where we might be inclined to read "*Festis* Apostolorum." It excludes, therefore, all feasts of Apostles except those which commemorate their death, that is to say, their birth into heaven. Hence episcopal consecration cannot take place on the feast of St. Peter *ad Vincula*, or on St. Paul's Conversion, save by special Papal Indult.

3. For a like reason the rubric of the Pontifical must be considered as excluding other special feasts of the Apostles, unless they are the *natalitia* celebrated in the diocese where the consecration takes place.

The question naturally arises whether in the last-mentioned case transferred feasts of the Apostles could be considered as legitimate days for the consecration. We suppose not, unless they are solemn transfers, like feasts of precept, celebrated by the entire diocese, since the rubric implies that the ceremony is to be placed upon a *dies festiva* even when special indult is asked for.

VINUM DE VITE.

(Communicated.)

Dr. Mooney's articles in the REVIEW leaves many a priest in an unpleasant frame of mind. The difficulty of obtaining pure wine for the Holy Sacrifice must have come home to his readers as never before, and doubts as to past purchases and fears for the future will torment many of us. Having solved the problem for myself by making my own wine for some years, it may be that some account of my experience will encourage other priests to attempt the same solution. I hold that the making of a fairly good wine is within the reach of any pastor in the United States, because grapes can be bought cheaply anywhere, and with proper attention can be fermented and matured with but little difficulty.

There is, I think, in the minds of many an idea that the process is so complicated that only a skilful vintner may undertake it successfully. My answer to this is the fact that I have succeeded, although I

knew nothing, it may be said, about wine-making, when I began the process.

The simplest way of making wine appears to be the one adopted by the Italians here, who manage to put up one or more barrels every year for family use. They empty the grapes (Concord) from the baskets as they are received from western New York, into a large barrel or hogshead, according to the amount of wine required, taking care to crush them by pounding or by stamping with the feet as each layer goes in, until the receptacle is about two-thirds full. There the grapes are allowed to remain until fermentation is complete. The result is a thick layer of stem and skins formed on top, and the pure juice beneath. The liquid is drawn off through a faucet at the bottom into barrels provided for the purpose, which have been carefully cleansed beforehand. The grape juice may be left in these barrels, kept filled and air-tight for three or four years, although my Italian neighbors begin using it at once and seem to like it. The resultant is a wine of a deep red color and considerable body, but with a pronounced flavor of the stems, etc., that were not removed before the process of fermentation. By taking pains to pick the berries off the bunch, using only the sound, ripe fruit, a better wine will be had.

The plan I follow is to press out the juice of the ripe grapes, and then let it ferment in the barrel. Some leave the bung of the receptacle open while fermentation goes on. This I have found to be a mistake, the wine so produced lacking in body and being of a watery nature, not at all pleasant to the palate. I use a form of syphon, one end of which is inserted in the bung, otherwise air-tight, whilst the other end is so placed as to terminate in a vessel kept full of water. In this way the gases escape from the fermenting juice of the ripe grapes, and all air is excluded. When fermentation is over—say, in two or three weeks, the barrel is filled up with similar wine, and the bung is tightly closed. In January or February the wine should be put into a new clean barrel, whence it is drawn off clear of the lees now settled at the bottom.

For the rest, the wine should be kept in a cool place—the average cellar will answer—the barrel being always filled up to the top. It is precisely through the neglect of this precaution that failure usually occurs. No month should pass without a removal of the bung and an examination of the contents of the barrel to see if it needs filling. Some bottles of the same or of a previous vintage should be held for this purpose.

At the end of three years the wine is ready for bottling and for use. A barrel of wine put up in this fashion every year or two, according to the needs of the parish, will make the pastor independent in the matter of Mass wine, and secure him from the present danger of nullifying the great act of religious worship of the New Law, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. JOHN F. POWER.

DISINFECTED HOLY WATER FONTS.

Qu. Do you not think it would be desirable to warn the clergy of the danger of disease germs that are apt to be propagated by the blessed water fonts in our churches? Some disinfectant material might perhaps be mixed with the water in blessing it, to avoid this danger, yet without being offensive or in violation of the rubrics.

Resp. No; we do not think it advisable to have the extravagant notions of modern hygiene introduced into our churches. The Church provides amply and definitely for the cleanliness to be observed in this respect. The water-fonts are not only to be kept clean, but the holy water itself is to be renewed "*de praecepto* sive ad vitandam facilem ejus corruptionem et *admixtionem cum sordibus*, sive ob mysterium," etc.[1] If pastors observe this law, or if canonical visitation is effective, it will not be necessary for health officers to take in hand the pastoral duty, and to make a profane mimicry of the blessing of Christ's Church, which imparts the virtue of healing to this water.

That Protestants should misunderstand and misrepresent this gift of Christ is not to be wondered at. They blaspheme what they do not comprehend. But if to guard ourselves against contamination through the sacred mysteries we need disinfectants instead of cleanly habits and reverent obedience to the ordinances which provide for such cleanliness, we had better not bless any water, for it were a mockery of the faith which believes that God who gave medicinal power to plant and mineral should be incapable of healing by His word in other ways. What we need is attention to the cleanliness which the Church prescribes, rather than antidotes which fix attention on the preservation of bodily

[1] *Cf. Rit. Rom.*; Coppin, *S. Liturg. Comp.*, 731.

health to such an extent as to rule out every higher consideration. It is criminal for a pastor to neglect the prescriptions of the Church, if the neglect causes disease; but it is the Ordinary, not the health officer, who is to prosecute the delinquent in such case.

LEATHER BOTTLES AND BARRELS.

(Communicated.)

When glass vessels came into use for holding liquids, they received the name of bottles, a term that had been applied to the leather vessels originally used as receptacles for liquids; so we have leather bottles and glass bottles. Leather bottles are still in use to-day in Palestine, as they were in the days when our Saviour spoke of them; they are used throughout the East, and in parts of Spain, Sicily, etc.

"Our word *bottle* originally carried the true meaning, being a bottle of *leather*. In Spanish, *bota* means a *leather bottle*, a *boot*, and a *butt*. In Spain wine is still brought to market in pig-skins. In the East, goat-skins are commonly used, with the rough side inward. When old they break under the fermentation of the wine." (Marvin R. Vincent, *Word Studies*. Matt. 9: 17.)

But throughout the English-speaking world leather bottles are unknown. Bottles of glass are so much more advantageous that they have completely supplanted the leather bottles, and the majority of the people of America and Europe have never seen or heard of a leather bottle. When we were children we all must have been puzzled, the first time we heard these words of the Gospel:

> "Neither do they put new wine into old bottles. Otherwise the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish. But new wine they put into new bottles, and both are preserved." (Matt. 9: 17.)

For a person to whom the word "bottle" means nothing but a glass vessel, this text has no meaning, for glass is not injured by wet and age and handling, as leather is. This text is intelligible to anyone acquainted with Jewish antiquities or Eastern customs. The authors of the Revised Protestant Version substituted "wine-skins" for "bottles," no doubt for the purpose of rendering the passage more intelligible. Unfortunately the change is not much of an improvement.

Skins of animals have been used from the beginning for clothing

(Gen. 3: 21), and were made into vessels for holding water, milk, wine, oil and other liquids. Animal skins, like animal flesh, soon putrifies; but when it is tanned a chemical change takes place in it, that will enable it to last for years, even for centuries. Whenever there is question of skins made into bottles it is always tanned skin or leather that is meant. The use of bark for tanning was known and used from the dawn of history. Since leather is a more precise term than skin when we are speaking of leather articles, leather bottles, rather than skin bottles, is the preferable term; but either of these terms is better than wine-skins. This latter word is not clear without an explanation; and if explanations are needed in either case, why not leave bottle in the text? The average layman, if asked, what is a wine skin? would, no doubt, be puzzled, and perhaps would answer—a grape skin. Tell him,—no, it is a piece of leather used for holding wine. Then ask him, is this skin, or piece of leather, shaped like a basin or like a barrel? He will be puzzled again. Ask him, after repeating the text (Matt. 9: 17), if there is question there, of a large leather vat, which breaks when old and worn out, on account of the weight of the wine put into it; or is there question of a closed vessel in which, if old, the pressure of fermentation may cause a rent. If all this has not been explained to him before, the term "wine-skin" will not tell him much more than "bottle" does. But "leather bottle," is a term that will be understood by every one without any explanation, and is therefore a better translation of ἀσκοὺς in Matt. 9: 17; Mark 2: 22; Luke 5: 37.

A leather bottle when it is used for wine may be called a wine-skin or wine-bottle, and if used to hold water a water-skin, or water-bottle, etc., but the word ἀσκος itself, merely means a leather bag, regardless of what may be put in it.

Another change was made in the texts in the R.V. Καινός is translated *fresh* instead of *new;* Matt. 9: 17 in the R. V. reads:

> "Neither do *men* put new wine into old wine-skins: else the skins burst, and the wine is spilled, and the skins perish: but they put new wine into fresh wine-skins and both are preserved."

Dr. Plummer, in his *Commentary on St. Luke*, p. 164, has the following enthusiastic approval of the R. V. rendering:

"οἶνον νέον εἰς ἀσκοὺς καινους βλητέον. Here certainly, and perhaps here only in the N. T., the difference between νέος and καινός must

be marked in translation: "*New* wine must be put into fresh wine-skins." While νέος is new in reference to *time*, "young" as opposed to "aged," καινός is new in reference to *quality*, "fresh" as opposed to "worn out." Trench, Syn. lx.; Crem. Lex., p. 321. But "a fresh heaven and a fresh earth" (2 Peter 3: 13; Rev. 21: 1), and still more a "fresh Jerusalem" (Rev. 3: 12; 21: 2), would be intolerable. No English version prior to R. V. distinguishes here between νέος and καινός; and Vulg. has *novus* for both. No one translates ἀσκοι "skins" or "wine-skins," but either "bottles" (Wic. Cran. Rhem. A.V.) or "vessels" (Tyn. Cov. Gen.).

We must not forget that we are speaking of leather bags or bottles. Who would think of asking for a fresh pair of shoes, or a fresh set of harness, or a fresh leather trunk or bag, or a fresh Russian leather pocketbook? We talk of fresh meat and fresh vegetables as opposed to those that are tainted or decayed; we may speak of the fresh skin of an animal that has recently been killed, but to apply fresh to skin that has been converted into leather, no. The Revisors must have for a moment forgotten that the "wine-skins" were leather. If they had used the more exact term "leather bottles" they surely never would have called them fresh.

In speaking of a pair of shoes that have not been used as opposed to a pair that is "worn out," we do not call them fresh shoes, but new shoes. In the same category of intolerable English with "fresh Jerusalem" and "fresh boots," must be put fresh leather bottles or "wine-skins."

Plummer: "Here certainly, and perhaps only in N. T., the difference between νέος and καινός must be marked in translation."

That is one opinion, which certainly has no more value than the weight of the arguments that may be alleged in support of it.

While νέος is new in reference to *time*, "young" as opposed to "aged," καινός is new in reference to *quality*, "fresh" as opposed to "worn out."

Neither of these words mean time (duration), but both of them denote the quality of newness, and connote the other qualities that accompany newness, in the various new things under consideration, and each of them refers to time, one just as much as the other. In the "new wine" of the parable the chief thing considered is not time, but the pressure arising from fermentation, which tends to burst the sides of the stoppered leather bottle containing it. In the new leather bottle it is not freshness but toughness that is sought, so that it may be able to resist the pressure.

Some scholars seem to think that the most important thing in Scriptural exegesis consists in drawing fine distinctions between synonyms. Where a real distinction exists it is well to note it, and to use the words with discrimination. But some men have such a love for this hair-splitting, that they insist on making distinctions where the authors whom they are interpreting made none. Καινός is more commonly used in the N. T. than νέος, but there is no reason for thinking that the sacred writers made any distinction in using them, but employed them indifferently.

Both adjectives are used of "new wine" by St. Matthew:

> (N) Neither do they put new wine, etc. (9: 17).
> (K) This fruit of the vine . . . I shall drink it with you new (26: 29).

The New Testament is called καινα in Chap. 8: 8 of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and νεα four chapters further on (12: 24).

Both epithets are applied to cities; Neapolis—New City (Ac. 16: 11), and New Jerusalem (Ap. 3: 12).

Both words are applied to men: (N) Putting on the new (man) (Col. 3: 10); (K) into one new man (Eph. 2: 15).

Νέον is said of new paste (1 Cor. 5: 7) and καινός of new earth, new heavens, new letter, new name, new doctrine, new treasures, in fact of all things new (Ap. 21: 5). Both of these words are used in the very same sense as our English word new, and that is the proper word to represent them both. Since Trench invented the distinction between these two words, Protestant scholars seem unable to resist the temptation to follow him, and make the same learned distinction.

"Skin-bottles, *utres*, are still in use in the East, made of a single goat-skin (Hom. II, iii, 247), from which the flesh and bones are drawn without ripping up the body. The neck of the animal becomes the neck of the bottle." (Plummer, p. 164.)

The term "leather-bottle" tells us that the skin of which the vessel is made has been tanned, and also that it is closed and stoppered; but it gives us no definite information as to its size and shape. The ancient bottles looked more like small trunks or small barrels than our bottles. Putting the text into the language most readily understood by everybody, it would read:

> "Neither do they put new wine into old leather barrels. Otherwise the leather barrels burst, and the wine is spilled and the barrels perish. But new wine they put into new leather barrels and both are preserved."

Pocantico Hills, N. Y. J. F. SHEAHAN.

CEREMONIES OF THE MISSA CANTATA.

Qu. 1. Should the missal be open, and should the chalice be prepared on the altar, before the celebrant begins Mass in the case of a *missa cantata* without deacon and subdeacon?

2. How many lights should there be in a *missa cantata?* Some have four on weekdays and for requiems, and six on Sundays and feasts. Is there any reason in liturgical law for this distinction?

3. Is incense ever allowed in a *missa cantata?*

Resp. 1. The celebrant of a *missa cantata* may carry the chalice and open the missal as is done at the low Mass; or he may prepare both before beginning the Mass. There is no defined legislation on the subject, and rubricists allow both, according to local custom.

2. The number of lights for the *missa cantata* is likewise undetermined by the rubrics. Gavanti says that for solemn occasions six, otherwise at least four should be used. The S. Congregation of Rites answers a similar question by saying: "More than two may be used—plures quam duo possunt adhiberi" (S. C. R., Sept. 25, 1875),—which means that four, six, or more may be used.

3. The use of incense has been repeatedly forbidden by the same authority. (July 7, 1880.)

THE RECONSECRATION OF DEFECTIVE ALTAR STONES.

The question how to deal with defective altar stones periodically meets our bishops in their canonical visitations. Occasionally it is found that the *sepulchrum* is not closed in by the prescribed stone slab. The latter may have been in its place originally, but, becoming loosened, was subsequently removed in some cleaning process and lost. Whenever such cases have been referred to Rome, the Holy See has required that the defective altars and altar stones should be reconsecrated, and the Propaganda has assigned a special short formula for this purpose, allowing the bishop to subdelegate a priest to perform the ceremony if the bishop himself could not do so conveniently.

The query has been proposed to us whether a bishop, finding

in his visitation that altar stones are defective on account of the want of a stone slab closing the sepulchrum, might use the short form allowed by the Holy See for similar cases in other dioceses.

Putzer, in his *Commentary* on the Faculties of Bishops in the United States, writes on this point: "In his casibus, quando haec altaria publice habentur pro consecratis, indulgetur, ut revalidatio, data opportunitate, per simplicem sacerdotem, nomine S. Sedis delegandum, observato ritu brevi in sepulchri consecratione adhiberi solito fieri, usque ad novam consecrationem autem usus horum altarium continuari possit" (Form. C, art. 6, n. 180, 4).

Does this expression, "in his casibus," mean that there is no need of having the faculty obtained in writing from Rome? The answer to this doubt must depend upon the expressed intention of the Holy See in granting the use of the said formula for the reconsecration of defective altar stones. That answer, in all cases which we have seen, restricts the faculty to the particular cases—dioceses or localities, for which it had been asked. Thus Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, asked the Holy See to validate the defective altar stones which he found in his diocese. By letter dated May 21, 1882, he received answer as follows:

"SS. Dominus Noster Leo divina Providentia Papa XIII, referente me infrascripto S. C. de Propaganda Fide Secretario, benigne indulsit ut altaria, de quibus in precibus, quae quidem nova indigent consecratione, vel per episcopum oratorem vel per simplices presbyteros eidem benevisos *hoc tantum in casu Apostolici Sedis nomine delegandos*, sensim sine sensu prudenter capta occasione nullo temporis limiti praescripto, consecrentur juxta breviorem ritum in similibus casibus statutum, nimirum ut in iisdem aris antea rite efformato sepulchro certae sanctorum reliquiae reponantur, iis solummodo ceremoniis servatis quae in Pontificali Romano praescribentur dum in sepulchro reconduntur reliquiae et superimponitur lapis, scilicet ut signetur sacro chrismate confessio seu sepulchrum, et interim dicatur oratio: *Consecretur et sanctificetur*, postea reconditis reliquiis cum tribus granis thuris et superposito operculo ac formato dicatur altera oratio: *Deus qui ex omnium cohabitatione Sanctorum*, et nihil aliud. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus."

The editor of the St. Louis *Pastoral Blatt*, the first to print the above decision, comments by stating that the decree is likely to affect

the majority of altar stones in the United States. Many of the altar stones, especially such as had to be carried on mission journeys, were so thin that the sepulchrum containing the relics could not be well closed by a stone slab, and that gypsum or cement was made to do service instead, it being assumed that there was no material difference between the two substances and stone. These altar stones will unquestionably have to be reconsecrated; and the Right Reverend Ordinaries will be obliged to apply for a similar *sanatio* as that given to Bishop Dwenger.

Shortly after the above answer had been transmitted to the Ordinary of Fort Wayne, Cardinal McCloskey obtained a similar document in favor of the entire New York Province, for which it had been requested by him. According to the text of the letter, which is almost identical with the one given above, the concession is expressly made in favor of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York, for the altars mentioned in the Cardinal's petition.

No mention of these concessions is to be found in the *Decreta Authentica*, recently published in revised form by the S. Congregation. But Vol. III, n. 3585, contains a response given to Bishop Cameron, of Arichat (since then the see of Antigonish, Canada), during the following year (July 28, 1883), in which the same concession in like terms is made for the reconsecration of defective altar stones.

Whilst, therefore, it may be assumed that Rome generally grants the *sanatio*, with the before-mentioned short formula, the actual use of it cannot be taken for granted without special recourse to Rome, even if the phrase, *hoc tantum in casu*, is made to refer exclusively to the power of delegating a simple priest for the performance of the ceremony. The words, *Apostolicae Sedis nomine*, indicate that the Holy See means to deal with each petition separately.

THE "KAMPANER THAL."

The author of *My New Curate* has kindly sent us the following explanation, in answer to numerous inquiries, concerning the *Kampaner Thal* alluded to in Chapter XVIII of that very charming diary:

"The *Kampaner Thal* is a treatise on the immortality of the soul, by Jean Paul Richter. It is a journal supposed to be kept by the author during a tour in France, and purports to detail certain conversations between himself and a wedding party which is making its way to a baronial castle in the Pyrenees. The party make a pedestrian tour through the Kampaner Thal (the Meadow Valley), and at the different halts in the journey the dialogue is sustained by the author; Carlson, a sceptic; the Baron Wilhelmi; Gioné, his affianced; and Nadine, her sister. The romance is said to have been suggested to Richter by some doubts, expressed by ladies of his acquaintance, about their future immortality. It deals with the all-important question from the standpoint of experience and reason and the eternal fitness of things, and argues largely from that intuition which is ever so dear to a poet. Hence, the treatise is remarkable, even beyond all Richter's other works, for picturesque descriptions and those practical analogies and images in which Richter had no equal. A sequel, named *Selina*, deals with the same question from another standpoint—that of philosophical investigation as distinguished from mere feeling. The book undoubtedly, if not the greatest, is one of the most interesting of the voluminous works that issued from the pen of the most difficult and delightful of German authors."

SAINT EXPEDITUS.

Qu. Can you give me some information, or tell me where to find any, concerning St. Expedit? He is only mentioned with a few others in the Roman Martyrology on April 19. T. F. Q.

Resp. There are two saints of the name, spoken of by the Bollandists. One was a martyr and companion of St. Eleutherius of Rome (April 18) and died during the persecution of Hadrian. The other, who is just now much venerated as a patron in immediate needs, was a captain in the Roman Legion, and suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Diocletian at Mylitene, in Armenia. He is mentioned with St. Hermogenes and others in the Roman Martyrology on April 19. There is a picture of this saint in the Church of St. Vitale (Via Nazionale) at Rome, which represents him as a Roman soldier, his left foot upon a raven, which bears a scroll with the legend *cras* (to-morrow), whilst in the right hand of the saint is a cross on which is inscribed

hodie (to-day). The image symbolizes the power of intercession in cases of protracted conversion, slow sickness, and urgent needs of any kind for which instant help is asked through the saint.

THE JUBILEE VISITS.

Qu. Kindly give your highly valued opinion on the following doubts concerning certain conditions for the Jubilee just extended to the Catholic world.

1. Some Ordinaries, with a view to the greater accommodation of the faithful in large cities, have designated as churches to be visited the cathedral, the respective parish church, and the two churches nearest to said parish church. Now suppose there are twelve parishes in the city, such a rule will turn all these twelve churches into "ecclesias ab Ordinario pro fidelibus illius loci designatas." Is this within the spirit and intention of the Papal Letter, which simply says, "the Ordinary shall either personally or through another designate the cathedral or the principal parish church and three other churches"? I believe not. These four churches are evidently to be for us the same as the four churches which the Pope designated for the Jubilee last year at Rome. They were only four, viz.: St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. John's of the Lateran, and St. Mary's the Major, although there are nearly sixty parishes in Rome. Again, there seems to be no reason why the decision of the Sacred Penitentiary (March 4, 1879) should not be considered as generally applicable in case of Jubilee, ordinary or extraordinary. In the Jubilee of 1879 the bishops had to appoint three churches to be visited in each place where that number could be found. Some bishop brought the following question before the Congregation: "An possit in locis quae cum suburbiis suis nimis late extenduntur, ad majorem fidelium commoditatem, non tantum tres ecclesias designare, sed plures, ita ut fideles ad lucrandum Jubilaeum ex ecclesiis designatis tres pro arbitrio suo seligant ac visitent?" The S. Congregation answered: "Quoad designationem ecclesiarum stet litteris apostolicis."

2. May a person make the four visits in the forenoon of a given day, those counting for that day in the ordinary sense of the term, and make four visits again about 4 o'clock P.M., of the same day, these counting for the following day according to the ecclesiastical computation? Is such a combination of the natural and the eccle-

siastical day allowed, which makes in reality two days out of one? In this way, after all, there would be eight visits made on the same natural day, and the fifteen days required by the Pope can by this ingenious method be reduced to exactly eight days. I doubt very much whether this be in the spirit of the Papal Letter, although you seem to think it is (February REVIEW, p. 157).

3. In the same number of the REVIEW, at page 156, n. 4, you say that the four designated churches must be visited *once on the same day* for fifteen days; "but where there is a less number, the visits may be made *at any time*, provided there be sixty visits made during the fifteen days." Does not the last phrase in its context with the preceding convey the idea that it is quite indifferent how many times the churches or church are visited *on the same day*, provided, etc. According to this we obtain the following interesting calculations. Suppose there is only one church in the place, instead of visiting that church four times on each of the fifteen days, I may visit it once the first day, twice the second, thrice the third day, and so on in progressive series until the eighth day, with which the retrogressive scale would have to start till you have finished your fifteen days. Where there are two churches, instead of visiting both churches twice a day for fifteen days, I might visit them once the first day, twice the second, thrice the third, four times the fourth day, making thus twenty visits in four days, and leaving forty more visits for the remaining eleven days.

My view of this matter is that the visit to the four Roman Basilicas is the pattern for the rest of the world, and that where there are less than four churches, they ought to be visited as far as possible by an equal number of visits for each of the fifteen days, as I indicated above. Where there are three churches they ought to be visited once on ten days, and twice on five days, making thus the sixty visits prescribed. This I consider to be the spirit of the Papal decree, although it is not so expressed by its letter. While favors may be given a wide interpretation, yet we are not allowed to go beyond the intention of the lawgiver. On the other hand, as Konings says, "indulgentiarum conditiones stricte interpretandae sunt." CANON.

Resp. 1. No doubt the designation of "the two churches nearest to the parish church," besides the cathedral and the parish church itself, appears like taking undue advantage of the wording of the concession which aims at a gaining of indulgences through works of penance with sorrow for sin. But it can hardly be urged

that such interpretation is a violation of the principle, "indulgentiarum conditiones stricte interpretandae sunt," since the Sovereign Pontiff plainly leaves the designation of the churches to the Ordinary. It is much like the case of doing the Jubilee visits by vehicle when one could easily walk, or visiting the same church twice in succession by going out of one door and entering through another. One satisfies the obligation; how much of the plenary indulgence the individual gains is quite a different thing, which, like the spirit in which the acts are done, cannot be controlled by detailed legislation. The *Litterae Apostolicae* in this case mention the discretion of the Ordinary without qualification.

2. As regards the number of visits which can be made on one day according to a twofold computation of the astronomical and ecclesiastical day, we have the practice of last year at Rome, sanctioned by the *poenitentiarii*. Many persons made regularly two visits to St. Paul's (*extra muros*), which is a good distance from the city, by going there in the afternoon. The reduction of visits was suggested to the pilgrims, and comparatively slight reasons would induce the *poenitentiarii* to lessen the required number of visits for those who sought the privilege.

3. It is true the spirit of the Papal decree would favor an equitable distribution of the visits as indicated by "Canon;" nevertheless, it could not be said that a bishop interpreting the words of the document in the sense we have indicated would thereby frustrate the gaining of the indulgence. He might do more to foster the spirit of penance and lessen the danger of a mechanical compliance with the conditions set down, but he could not be charged with a misinterpretation of the terms of the concession taken even in their strict sense.

WHAT IS THE "RED MASS?"

Qu. I saw a notice recently in an English paper, stating that the "Red Mass" has been abolished in France by a vote of the Chamber of Deputies. Can you tell your readers what this "Red Mass" means, and why it encountered the objection of the French Chamber?